THE

INGRATITUDE

OF A

Common-Wealth:

Or, the FALL of

Caius Martius Coriolanus.

As IT IS

ACTED

AT THE

Theatre-Royal.

By **N. Tate.**

——Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget Armis. Hor.

LONDON,
Printed by **T. M.** for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1682.

THE

INGRATITUDE

OF A

Common-Wealth:

OR,

Famous and Memorable Examples

OF THE

PEOPLES

AND

PARLIAMENTS

OF

ATHENS,

Both Ancient and Modern.

By Sir Rog. L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed by J. C. for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's Head in Chancery-Lane near the Temple-Bar. 1676.

TO

The Right Honourable

CHARL'S

Lord Herbert,

Eldeſt Son to the

Marqueſs of Worceſter, &c.

My Lord,

YOur Lordſhip's favour for Learning in General, has encourag'd me to begg your Patronage of the following Sheets, which contain a remarkable piece of Roman Hiſtory, though form'd into Play. I have yet another Plea for Pardon, ſince I impoſe not on your Lordſhip's Protection a work meerly of my own Compiling; having in this Adventure Launcht out in Shakeſpear's Bottom. Much of what is offered here, is Fruit that grew in the Richneſs of his Soil; and what ever the Superſtructure prove, it was my good fortune to build upon a Rock. Upon a cloſe view of this Story, there appear'd in ſome Paſſages, no ſmall Reſemblance with the buſie Faction of

our own time. And I confess, I chose rather to set the Parallel *nearer to Sight, than to throw it off at further Distance. Yet there are none that can apply any Part (as Satyr) on themselves, whose Designs and Practises are not of the same Cast. What offence to any good Subject in Stygmatizing on the Stage, those* Troublers *of the State, that out of private Interest or Mallice, Seduce the Multitude to* Ingratitude, *against Persons that are not only plac't in Rightful Power above them; but also the Heroes and Defenders of their Country.*

Where is the harm of letting the People see what Miseries Common-Wealths *have been involv'd in, by a blind Compliance with their popular Misleaders: Nor may it be altogether amiss, to give these Projecters themselves, examples how wretched their dependence is on the uncertain Crowd. Faction is a Monster that often makes the slaughter 'twas designed for; and as often turns its fury on those that hatcht it. The Moral therefore of these Scenes being to Recommend Submission and Adherence to Establisht Lawful Power, which in a word, is* **Loyalty**; *They have so far a natural Claim to your Lordship's Acceptance: This Virtue seeming Inheritance in Your Lordship, and deriv'd from your Ancestours with Your Blood. We cannot cast an Eye on the sufferings of His late Majesty, but we find in broad Letters, the Allegiance and Services of Your Lordship's most honourable Grand-Father, who stopt at no Expence of Blood or Fortunes on His behalf; nor was Providence wanting to Crown his Singular worth with a Signal Glory.*

When Civil Discord thro' the Realm had Reign'd,
And English Swords with English Blood were Stain'd,
When out of Zeal Religion was expell'd,
And Men for Conscience 'gainst their Prince Rebell'd,

The

The Beſt of Princes—When the Pow'r Divine,
(On Purpoſes too deep for Reaſon's Line)
Gave Rebell-Arms Succeſs, and ſeem'd to bring
Diſtreſs at once upon our **Saint** and **King.**
Not *Jeſſe*'s Son ſeem'd better form'd to Reign,
Nor were his *worthies* of a Nobler Strein!
But what Relief can braveſt Valour lend,
When Heroes, not with Foes, but Fate Contend?
The Age's Crimes for no leſs Curſe did Call,
And 'tis Decreed the Royal Cauſe muſt Fall!
Of Conqueſt thus by Deſtiny Bereft,
Our blaſted War has yet one Garland Left.
Alone the Foes united Strength to Fight,
And Strike the laſt Fam'd Blow for **Royal Right.**
This Honour to the Noble *Worceſter* Fell,
Who, alwayes Brave, Himſelf did now Excel,
His Friends, his Troops, his † Houſe, his Cittadel!
Here, tho' reduc'd to laſt Extreams He Lies,
His cheerful Cannon ſtill the Foe Defies;
The more Diſtres't, the more his Virtue Shines,
His Courage Riſing as his Strength Declines:
Oft from Unequal Force he Guards his Walls,
Oft in fierce Sallyes on the Leaguer Falls.
Thus while Expir'd the other Members Lye,
Worc'ſter Stirs Laſt the **Heart of Loyalty.**

† Ragland *Caſtle (the Marqueſs of* Worceſter's *Seat) the laſt Garriſon held out for the KING.*

Pardon my Lord this Start, for the Subject is ſcarce to be thought on without Tranſport. Nor has the ſame Fidelity to the Crown been wanting to compleat the Character of the preſent Marqueſs of Worceſter; *whoſe Eminent Virtues have rendred him an Ornament both of our Court and Age. What Expectations then the World conceives of Your Lordſhip is eaſily imagin'd, and what Inſtances of Nobleſt Qualifications Your Lordſhip has already given, the World needs no Information: Beſides the Goodneſs of Your*

Lordſhip'

Lordship's Temper, and the Justice of your Principles; your Acquaintance with Books, and Judgment in Affairs, so far transcend Your Years, as would secure me from Flattery, though I should Launch into a Panegyrick. But I come to beg Protection, not to give Praise; My greatest Ambition being to Subscribe my Self,

Your Lordships

most Obedient

humble Servant,

N. Tate.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Written by Sir *George Raynsford.*

OUr Author do's with modeſty ſubmit,
To all the Loyal Criticks of the Pit;
Not to the Wit-diſſenters of the Age,
Who in a Civil War do ſtill Engage,
The antient fundamental Laws o'th' Stage:
Such who have common Places got, by ſtealth,
From the Sedition of Wits Common-Wealth.
From Kings preſented, They may well detract,
Who will not ſuffer Kings Themſelves to Act.
Yet he preſumes we may be ſafe to Day,
Since *Shakeſpear* gave Foundation to the Play:
'Tis Alter'd—and his ſacred Ghoſt appeas'd;
I wiſh you All as eaſily were Pleas'd:
He only ventures to make Gold from Oar,
And turn to Money, what lay dead before.
But now I ſpy Tyrannick Judges here;
What pitty 'tis ſo Fair, and ſo Severe!
Fine Lady Criticks—on whoſe fragrant Breath,
Depends the Plays long Life, or ſudden Death.
From them the Poet muſt receive his Doom,
Juſt as Affairs ſucceed with them at Home:
We hope the Paraquit and Squirrel's well,
Elſe we are Damn'd to th' very Pit of Hell.
Sir *John* is kind—and nothing goes Amiſs,
Elſe we ſhall have a ſcurvy Night of this!
If we ſhou'd here preſent a Husband croſs,
And the Revenge neglected by his Spouſe,
'Twere Death in us—nay ſome of 'em wou'd Rage,
Becauſe he's not made Cuckold on the *Stage:*
But who ſhall be that happy Undertaker,
Since each wou'd ſtrive to be that Cuckold-maker?

THE

THE PERSONS.

Caius Martius Coriolanus,
Cominius, [*Consul.*
Menenius, { *A blunt old Souldier, and Friend to* Coriolanus.
Brutus, } { *Two Tribunes of the People, Factious, and Enemies to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius, }
Tullus Aufidius, [*General of the* Volsces.
Nigridius, { *A Villain; discarded by* Caius Martius, *and receiv'd by* Aufidius.

Volumnia, [*Mother to* Caius Martius.
Virgilia, [*His Wife.*
Young Martius, [*His Child.*
Valeria, { *An affected, talkative, fantastical Lady.*

Citizens, Senators, Souldiers, Messengers, Servants.

SCENE,

The Cities of Rome *and* Corioles.

The Ingratitude OF A Common-Wealth.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene, The City Rome.

Enter *A Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1 *Cit.* BEfore we Proceed any further, hear me Speak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* Let me hear Silence then: And ſhall I ſpeak all your Minds before you take the Trouble to think what you would have?

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all Reſolv'd rather to Dye than Starve.

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt you know *Caius Martius* is Chief Enemy to the People.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own Price. Is't a Verdict?

All. He's Dead, he's dead.

2 *Cit.* One Word good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Good Citizens; we are Accounted poor Citizens, the *Patricians*

tricians good: what Surfeits them, wou'd Relieve us: Let 'um feel our Swords, that take away the Uſe of our Knives; not that I mean any Harm Neighbours; for the *Gods* know I ſpeak this in Hunger for Bread, and not in Thirſt for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Wou'd we Proceed only againſt *Cains Martius*?

1 *Cit.* Againſt him only, together with all the Reſt.

2 *Cit.* Conſider what Services he has done for his Country.

1 *Cit.* We have paid him with our Thanks for't; but he is Proud, and hates the Commonalty; we'll Pay him for that too: You ſay he did Famouſly to Pleaſe his Country; I ſay he did it to Pleaſe his Mother, as great a Hector as himſelf. What Shouts are theſe? Why? There now is the Bleſſing of good Example. The other ſide o'th' City is Riſen too: Come, let's make Haſt, or they'l Run away with the Capitol before we overtake 'em. *Shout here*

All. Away, away, away.

Enter Menenius.

1 *Cit.* Soft, Who comes here? Oh! 'tis *Menenius Agrippa*, one that Loves the People, and alwayes Imploy'd me to Work for him.

2 *Cit.* Well, He's indifferent Honeſt.

Men. What Work's in Hand my Country-men? where go you with thoſe Staves and Clubs? The Matter, ſpeak I beſeech you?

1 *Cit.* Our Buſineſs is not unknown to the *Senate*, they might have ſmelt us this Fortnight; they ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong Breaths, they ſhall find we have ſtrong Arms too.

Men. Why Maſters, my good Friends, my honeſt Neighbours, Will you undo your ſelves?

1 *Cit.* Nay, if that be all, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, the good *Patricians* have
For all your Wants, moſt charitable Care;
But for this Dearth, the *Gods* (not They) have made it:
You are Tranſported by your Miſery,
To Slander thoſe that Care for you like Fathers.

1 *Cit.* Care for us? Yes, by ſhutting up the Store-Houſes, and ſuffering us to Famiſh: If the Wars Eat us not up, they will; and

and there's the Care they bear for us.

Men. Now muſt you, or Confeſs your ſelves Malicious;
Or be Accus'd of Folly: Shall I tell you
A pretty Tale? It may be, you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves the preſent Purpoſe——

1 *Cit.* Well, we'll hear it Sir; but think not to fob us off with a Tale: but an't pleaſe you Deliver.

Men. There was a Time——

2 *Cit.* Good, *There was a Time*; a very good Beginning: all your good Stories begin with, *There was a Time.*

Men. When all the Body's Members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly, and Accus'd it
For being Unactive, Idle, never bearing
Like Labour with the Reſt, whilſt th' other Parts
Did See, and Hear, Deviſe, Inſtruct, Walk, Feel,
Yet this dull Gulph gorg'd all the Food; to which
The Belly Anſwer'd——

1 *Cit.* Well, What ſaid the Belly?

Men. Why Sir? I tell you with a kind of Smile:
For look you, I may make the Belly Smile,
As well as Speak: It Tauntingly reply'd
To the Diſcontented Members, the Mutinous Parts.

1 *Cit.* Well, What was its Anſwer?

2. *Cit.* He had beſt ſee to't, that it be a good One.

Men. Patience good Friends,
Your moſt grave Belly was Deliberate,
Not Raſh like his Accuſers: and thus Anſwer'd,
True is it my incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I do firſt Receive the general Food
You Live upon, and 'tis moſt fit;
Becauſe I am the *Store-Houſe* and the *Shop*
Of the whole Body: but if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Rivers of your Blood,
Ev'n to the Heart, and every Nerve and Vein,
From me receive their Strength; though all at once;
Pray Mark me Sirs——

All. Well Sir, we do.

Men. Though all at once (ſayes he) cannot

See what I do Deliver out to Each;
Yet I can make up my Account, that all
Do Back from me, receive the Flower of All,
And leave me but the Bran: What say you to't?

All. Nay Sir, What say You to't? Come.

Men. The *Senators* of *Rome* are this good Belly,
And you the Factious parts; Digeſt things rightly,
Touching the Common-Weal, and you ſhall find,
No publick Benefit which you receive,
But it Proceeds from them, not from your ſelves:
What do you think of this? And what think you?
You the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

1 *Cit.* I the great Toe! Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' Loweſt, Baſeſt, Pooreſt;
Of this moſt Wiſe Rebellion thou goeſt Fore-moſt:
Thou Raſcal, that art worſt in Blood, the Ring-leader:
But make you ready your ſtiff Bats and Clubs.
Rome, and her Rats are at the point of Battle.
Hail Noble *Martius*.

Enter Caius Martius.

Mart. What is the Matter you Diſſentious Rogues,
You Scabs, Bred from the Itch of your own Opinion?

1 *Cit.* I, wee had ever your good Word.

Mart. He that will give good Words to thee will Flatter
Beneath a Bawd; What would you have you Curs?
That like not Peace nor War; the one Affrights you,
The other makes you Factious: he that Truſts you;
Where he ſhou'd find you Lions, finds you Hares;
You are Vertues Contrary; who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate; and your Affections are
A Sick-mans Appetite, which deſires that moſt,
That wou'd increaſe his Evil; who Depends
Upon your Favours, Swims with Finns of Lead:
With ev'ry Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate;
Him Vile, that was your Garland: What's the Matter,

That

That in these several Places of the City,
You Cry against the Noble *Senate*, who
Under the *Gods* keep you in Awe; who else
Like Beasts of Prey, wou'd Feed on one another.
What's their seeking?

Men. For Corn at their own Rates, with which they say,
The City is well Stor'd.

Mart. They say! Hang 'em;
They'll sit by th' Fire, and take on 'em to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: They say there's Grain enough;
Wou'd the Nobility lay aside their Patience,
And let me use my Sword, I'd make a Quarry
With Thousands of these Quarter'd Slaves, as high
As their own Capitol.

Men. Nay, these are almost throughly perswaded;
For though abundantly they lack Discretion,
Yet they are passing Cowardly; but I pray you,
What sayes the other Troop?

Mart. Burn 'em, the Herd are Scatter'd;
They said they were a Hungry, Sigh'd forth Proverbs,
That Hunger broke Stone-Walls, that Dogs must Eat,
That Meat was made for Mouths, that the *Gods* sent not
Corn for the Rich Men only; with these Shreds
They Vented their Complaints; which being Answered,
And a Petition Granted them, A strange one
To break the Heart of Pow'r: they threw their Caps up;
As they wou'd Hang 'em on the Horns o'th' Moon.

Men. What's Granted 'em?

Mart. Four Tribunes (to Defend their vulgar Wisdomes)
Of their own Choosing; **Brutus, Coruticus, Sicinius, Bethellius:**
The Rabble shou'd have first Unrooft the City,
'Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Confound the *Senate:* Get you Home you Fragments.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Most Noble *Martius*,
The *Senate* makes you here next Substitute
To our General *Comminius*, in the Place Of

Of *Lartius*, for the preſent Wars
Againſt the *Volſces*.
Men. A Charge that you have Sigh'd for;
Yet ſtill you ſeem Diſturb'd.
Mart. My Task is with their City, whilſt *Cominius*
Engages their Field-Forces.
Men. What of that?
Mart. *Tullus Auſidius*, there is to be found,
My Rival once, ſtill moſt inveterate Foe:
Were half to half the World Engag'd, and He
Upon my Party, I'd Revolt, to make
My Wars only with him: He is a Lyon
That I am Proud to Hunt: *Menenius*, Thou
Shalt ſee me once more Strike at *Tullus* Face.
What, Art thou ſtiff? Stand'ſt out?
Men. No *Caius Martius*,
I'll Lean upon one Crutch, and Fight with to'ther,
'Ere Lag behind this Buſineſs.
Mart. One Word my Fellow-Citizens.
1 *Cit.* No good I warrant it.
Mart. You ſhall have Corn enough, on *Martius* Word you ſhall.
1 *Cit.* Why? Look you there now, I alwayes ſaid we were Miſtaken in this Man.
All. A *Martius*, a *Martius*, &c.
1 *Cit.* As how, moſt Noble *Martius?*
Mart. *Lartius* is Dead, and I'm Employ'd by the *Senate*
To Storm the *Volſces* Citty; there is Store
Of Richeſt Grain: Follow me, All is yours.
[*Here the* Citizens *Steal away ſeverally.*
See now, if theſe vile Rats dare go to knaw
The Enemies Garners: Here comes Two of their *Tribunes*.
Let us Bequeath 'em this Infected Ground.
Come, let's to Horſe.
Men. Will you not Home firſt, and take ſhort Leave
Of your Dear Wife, and Honour'd Mother?
Mart. My Charge is ſpeedy, Womens Farewel's Tedious:
Stay thou *Menenius* to perform for me
That Office; I'll away upon the Spur,

And

And Reach my Troops 'ere the Sun Waſh his Steeds. [*Exit.*

Men. The *Gods* Preſerve you.

As they go off, the Tribunes, Scicinius, *and* Brutus *meet them, they paſs by* (*Diſdaining*) *each other.*

Sic. Was ever Man ſo Proud as is this *Martius?*
Bru. He has no Equal.
Sic. When we were Choſen *Tribunes* for the People,
What Indignation Sparkled from his Eyes?
Bru. Succeſs i'th' preſent Wars, will ſwell his Spirits,
Above his Mothers Haughtineſs, which he
Retains, as ſhe had Nurs'd him with her Blood.
Sic. Hark, hark! The Peoples Murmurs are not ceaſt,
Tho much they Build on their New *Tribunes* Pow'r.
Come, let us haſten to Apply our Selves,
And Work upon their Fury e're it Cools. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virginia.

Vol. PRethee *Vergilia* ſpare thoſe feeble Tears,
Which I muſt Blame in any that belongs
To *Caius Martius,* tho his Tender Babe,
That had no other Language; Learn of me
That bleſt the Abſence, gave my Lord his Honour,
More than the calm Peace, that gave me his Love.
This *Martius,* this thy Lov'd, Lamented Husband,
When of my Widdow'd Years, the only Son;
When Tender-Body'd, and ſo Freſh a Bloom
Adorn'd his Cheek, as drew and fixt all Eyes,
When at a Kings Entreaty, the Fond Mother,
Not Half an Hour wou'd Sell him from her Sight;
I Weighing then, how Honour wou'd become
So promiſing an Excellence, diſmiſt him,

To

To ſeek out Danger, where he might find Fame.
To a Cruel War I ſent him, where he Fleſht
His Youthful Sword; and to my Arms return'd,
Laden with bloody Bays: I tell thee Daughter,
I ſprung not with more Joy, to find my Pains,
Had to the World Reſtor'd his Father's Image:
Then firſt to find him, Match his Fathers Fame.
Virg. But had he Dy'd in the Adventure?
Vol. Then——
His Glory ſhou'd have been my Darling Son:
Now by *Minerva*, had the Indulgent *Gods*
Bleſt me with Twenty Sons, as much Belov'd
As my brave *Martius*; I had rather Loſe them All
In Chaſe of Glory, and their Country's Cauſe,
Than One, i'th' Surfeit of voluptuous Peace.
Virg. Excuſe my Tenderneſs, that Wiſhes ſtill
For Peace and *Martius*: What's this Monſter-Country,
That muſt be Fed with my Dear *Martius* Blood?
If this Unnatural Mother ſtill muſt prey
On her own Off-ſpring, let her take her Rabble;
The Vermin-Crowd my *Martius* ſo Abhors.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to Viſit you.
Virg. Let me Retire from her Impertinence;
A heavier Burden than the Grief I bear.
Vol. Not now *Virginia*, ſhe'll divert you: Oh!
Methinks I hither Hear thy Husbands Drum;
See him Diſmount *Aufidius*; all the *Volſces*
Wide Shunning him, as Children from a Tyger:
Methinks I ſee him Frown, and hear him Call,
Come on ye Cowards; you were got in Fear,
Tho you were Born in *Rome*: His bloody Brow——
Virg. His bloody Brow? The *Gods* Defend!—No Blood.
Vol. Away Fond Girl; it more becomes a Man,
Then Gold his Arms; the Breaſts of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe gave Suck to *Hector*, look't not Lovelier,

Than

Than *Hectors* Forehead, when beſmear'd with Blood.
Go, Bring *Valeria* in.

Virg. Heavens Bleſs my *Lord* from fierce *Auſidius*.

Vol. No more ſuch Folly,
He'll Strike *Auſidius* Head below his Knee,
And Tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria, *Gawdily and Fantaſtically Dreſt, follow'd by Six or Seven Pages.*

Val. *Morrow Ladies, good Morrow.*

Vol. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.

Val. *Your Ladyſhips moſt Eternal*—*Well, you are the moſt manifeſt Houſe-keepers! Come, you do your* Beauties *wrong, the* Suburra *wrong, the* Forum *wrong, the* Cirque, *the whole* Youth of Rome.

Vol. We leave that Triumph Madam to your Sovereign Charms.

Val. *And do I look Sovereignly Madam? Indeed I think my Enemies will Grant me That; but I bear not upon't: I am Ambitious only of the Graces of the Mind, the Intellectuals, and deſpiſe thoſe vain Allurements of Dreſs and Face*—*but do I look Sovereignly Madam?*

Vol. Moſt Irreſiſtably!

Val. *And what my Dear, Eternally in Tears?* [To *Virgilia. Come, I muſt have you Read* Philoſophy; *better Live in* Apathy, *as the* Stoicks *ſay, then have ſuch tender Senſe of Things:* — pray Madam, *what do's your Ladyſhip think of the* Stoicks. [To *Vol.*

Vol. As of the Nobleſt Sect.

Val. *Come, I muſt have you Forth with me: I have ſome Nineteen Viſits to make, and all of 'em old Debts upon my Honour: Well, I'll Swear there's an intollerable deal of Patience requir'd to common Civility: Becauſe an impertinent Lady comes and teazes me three Hours at my Houſe to Day, therefore I muſt go to be teazed three more at her Houſe to Morrow; I Swear 'tis moſt Unreaſonable. How I wiſh my ſelf at* Athens *again! We had no ſuch Doings at* Athens; *no idle Chat of Tires and Fans, but of Secrets in Nature, and ſtiff Points of* Philoſophy——*but* Rome *at* Rome; *Come, come away.*

Virg. By no means Madam, I'll not out of Doors.

Val. *O you Confine your ſelf moſt Unreaſonably; your Thoughts now are with your Lord at* Corioles; *trouble not your ſelf, I ſhall give*

you Intelligence of his Affairs; I have it always an Hour before the Senate: *Well, Intelligence is a fine thing! It costs me the Gods know what in Forreign Correspondence from* Sicily, Sardinia, Rhetia, Aquitain, Crete, Cyprus, Lydia, Ephesus, Dalmatia, Thrace, Pontus; *the* Hetrusci *make no Motion, but by my Advice: Nay, our own General* Cominius, *is glad to keep Touch with me: Not an Officer of Note in the Camp, but sends me News or Love. Come hither Page — look Madam, pray Madam observe, this is my last Days Post, and the lightest Packet has come this two Months; Fye, fye, up with 'em, I am asham'd on't.*

Vol. But do's your Ladyship Answer all These?

Val. *Some of 'em I never peruse, and those are your Gallantry Epistles: I know all those Hands with half an Eye; there's* Titus Decius, Cajus Proculus, Marcus Flavius, Publius Cotta; Albinus, Sesinna, Graculus, Phocus, Linus, Tucca, Rufus, Fæsula; *with a Legion more, that are All unseal'd in the Fire! I Swear I am a cruel Creature! But 'tis my Way Madam.*

Virg. Eternal Torturer!—By your Leave Madam.

Val. *Nay, I am just upon the Wing too; my Chair there, What? No Attendance in this World? Well, of all things in Nature, I love Dispatch; and yet I Swear I cou'd stay with your Ladyships Eternally—but your Ladyships will Excuse me upon Business; not but that I'd leave any Thing for your Ladyships Company — your Ladyships will pardon my Hast, for I Swear I am in Hast most inordinately.* [Exit.

SCENE III.

Coriolanus *and* Decius *before the Walls of* Corioles.

Mart. How far off Lye these Armies?

Dec. Scarce half a League.

Mart. Then we shall hear their Larum, and they ours.
Now Fire-Ey'd *Mars* make us but quick in Work,
That we with reeking Swords may March from hence
To Help our Fielded Friends; Come Blow the Blast.

A Parley, the Senators *Appear on the Walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, Is he within the Walls?

Sen.

Sen. No, nor a Man that Fears you leſs than he.
Hark how our Drums call forth our Youths; our Gates
With yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with Ruſhes;
They'l open of themſelves: Heark, to the Field,
There is *Aufidius*; liſt what Work he makes
Amongſt your broken Army.
Mart. Oh they are at it!
Their Noiſe be our Inſtruction; Ladders hoe!
They Fear us not, but Iſſue from their City.
Now Plant your Shields before your Hearts, and Fight
With Hearts more Proof than Shields. Advance brave *Decius*,
They Diſdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me Sweat with Rage: Come on my Fellows,
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſce*,
And he ſhall Feel my Sword.

Alarum; *The* Romans *beat back to their Trenches, Re-enter* Martius *Curſing.*

All the Contagion of the *South* light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, now *Botches*, *Boyls*, and *Plagues*
Cruſt you all o're, that you may be Abhor'd,
Further than ſeen; you Souls of Daws and Geeſe,
That bear the Shapes of Men; how have you run
From Slaves, that *Apes* wou'd beat, *Pluto* and Hell?
All hurt behind, Backs red, and Faces pale,
Mend, and Charge Home,
Or by the Fires of Heav'n, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you; look to't; come on.

[*Alarum agen.*

So, now the Gates are Open, now prove good Seconds,
'Tis for the Followers Fortune, not the Flyers:
Mark me, and do the like.

[Martius, *with a few follows them to the Gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool hardineſs? not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
1 *Sol.* See, they, they have ſhut 'em in.
All. To th' Pot, I warrant 'em.

Alarum continues, Re-enter Martius *with his Party, as having Forc't their Way through the Citty; his Followers with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I Carry to *Rome.*
2 *Rom.* And I This,
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took This for Silver.
Mart. See here these *Pismires*, that do Prize their Labours
At a crack'd *Drachma*, Cush'ons, Leaden Spoons;
Old Scraps of Iron, Doublets, that Hangmen wou'd
Bury with those that Wore 'em; these vile Slaves,
E're yet the Fight be done, Pack up; down with them,
And Heark what Noise the *General* makes; let's to Him,
There is the Man of my Souls Hate, *Aufidius*
Peircing our *Romans*; Valiant *Decius*, take
Convenient Numbers to make Good the Citty,
Whilst I with those that have the Spirit, will Hast
To Help *Comminius.*
Dec. You Bleed apace My Lord;
Your Exercise has been too Violent,
For a Second Course of Fight.
Mart. Sir, Praise me not;
My Work has yet not Warm'd me; Fare you well:
The Blood I Drop, is rather Physical,
Than Dangerous to me: to *Aufidius* thus
Will I Appear, and Dare him to my Sword. [Exit. *Severally.*

SCENE *Changes to a Camp or Field, an Alarum.*

Cominius *and* Aufidius, *are seen Engaging each Other, with their Parties:* Cominius *is Beaten off*; Martius *with his Souldiers Enters Hastily on the other Side.*

Mart. Turn, turn *Aufidius*, this Way lies your Game:
I'll Fight with None but Thee; for I do Hate Thee
Worse, than a Promise-breaker.
Auf. No Hate lost;
Not *Africk* Breeds a Serpent I Abhor,
More than thy Fame and Thee: Here fix thy Foot.
Mart. Let the first Starter Dye the other's Slave,
And the Gods Toom him after.
Auf. If I Fly *Martius*, holloo me like a Hare.

Mart.

Mart. Within theſe three Hours *Tullus*,
I Fought within the Walls of your *Corioles*,
And made what Work I Pleas'd; 'tis not my Blood,
Thou ſee'ſt me Smear'd with, 'tis thy Deareſt Kindred's.
Take That to Work thy Fury to the Height;
For I wou'd have thee Warm.

Auf. VVert Thou the Hector
That was the VVhip of thy feign'd Progeny,
Thou ſhou'dſt not Paſs this Munite.

Alarum: They Fight off; after which, a Retreat Sounded: Re-enter Martius *and* Cominius, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Com. Come to my Arms moſt Noble *Martius*,
If I ſhou'd tell thee o're this thy days VVork,
Thou'lt not believe thy Deeds; but I'll Report 'em,
VVhere *Senators* ſhall mingle Smiles with Tears;
VVhere Ladies ſhall Expreſs a fearful Joy:
VVhere the Dull *Tribunes* that do Hate thy Honours,
Shall Cry againſt their Hearts, we Thank the Gods,
That *Rome* has ſuch a Souldier.

Mart. Beſeech ye Sir no more:
My Mother that has Priviledge to Extol
Her Blood; when She do's Praiſe me, Grieves me.

Com. You ſhall not be the Grave of your Deſerts;
For *Rome* muſt know the Value of Her Own:
'Twere a Concealment worſe than Sacriledge.
Therefore, before our Army you muſt Hear me.

Mart. I have ſome VVounds upon me, and they Smart,
To Hear themſelves Remembred.

Com. Of all the fiery Steeds, and goodlieſt Treaſure,
VVe have taken from the Citty and the Field,
VVe Offer you the Tenth, to be tane forth,
Before the Common Diſtribution;
Chooſe for thy ſelf.

Mart. I Thank my General,
But cannot make my Heart Conſent, to take
A Bribe to pay my Sword; I do Refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common Share, with Thoſe
That Joyn'd with me in Fight.

A Flourish, All Wave their Swords, and Cry Martius, Martius.
May these same Instruments which you Profane,
Never Sound more; when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' Field turn Flatterers, then let Courts be Honest:
No more I say.

Com. You are Unjust to your own Merits *Martius*,
And we must see 'em Righted; be it therefore known
To all the World, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this War's Garland; and in Token of it,
My Warlike Steed (known to the Camp) I give Him,
With all his Golden Trappings; and henceforth,
For what He did before *Corioles*, call Him,
With all th' Applause of our Victorious Camp,
Caius Martius Coriolanus.

Trumpets, Drums, and Shouts again.

Mart. I will go Wash, and then you shall Perceive,
Whether I Blush or no.

Com. So to our Tent,
Where 'ere we do Repose us, we will Write
To *Rome* of our Success; you *Attalus*
Must to *Corioles* back with our Commands.

Mart. The *Gods* begin to Mock me, I
That now Refus'd most Princely Gifts, am Bound
To Beg of my Lord General.

Com. Speak and Take.

Mart. I sometime Lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poor Old Mans House, he us'd me Kindly;
I'th' Fight I saw him Pris'ner, he Cry'd to me:
But then *Auffidius* was within my View,
And Rage o're-came my Pitty: I Beseech you
To give my poor Host Freedom.

Com. Noble still:
Were he the Butcher of my Son, he shou'd
Be Free, as is the Wind.

Cor. I'll Find him out.
Now let us Sacrifice to th' *Gods*, and Pray
For many Rival Days, to This on *Rome*;

Then

Then Yield our Pious Rites, to our Slain Friends;
That done, to gen'ral Mirth our Legions Sound,
Our Labour'd Brows with Bays, and Myrtle Crown'd,
And make with Genial Wine, our empty'd Veins Abound.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT the Second.

FLOURISH.

Enter Coriolanus *in Triumph, met by the* Nobility and Commons *of* Rome.

Cor. NO more of This, it does Offend my Ears;
No More I Pray.
Com. Look Sir, your Wife and Honoured Mother.

Enter Volumnia, *and* Virgilia.

Cor. Oh Madam! By the Event I know you have
Petition'd All the *Gods* on my Behalf;
And next the *Gods*, I pay you thus my Duty.
Vol. Nay my good *Souldier* Riſe,
My Valiant *Caius*, Worthy *Coriolanus*;
Not Thee this Pomp, but Thou Adorn'ſt thy Tryumph:
What now *Virgilia?*
Cor. Oh my tender Dove!
My gentle Silence hail; What Means this Dew?
Wou'dſt thou have Laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd Home,
That Weep'ſt to ſee me Tryumph: Ah! My Love,
Such Eyes the Widdows in *Corioles* Wear,
And Mothers that Lack Sons.
Virg. Ah my Dear Lord, What Means that Diſmal Scarf?
My Joy lies folded There!
Vol. I know not where to Turn;
Oh! Wellcome General, moſt Wellcome All:

Now

Now from this Starry Seat, *Quirinus* Smiles.
Men. Ten Thouſand Wellcomes; wellcome All:
A Curſe begin at very Roots on's Heart,
That is not Glad to See you; yet have we
Some baſe Repiners at this Joy; No matter,
We call a Nettle but a Nettle, and
The Faults of Fools but Folly.
Cor. The ſame *Menenius* ever.
Com. Blunt and Honeſt, Lead.
Cor. Your Hand and Yours:
Yet 'ere in our own Houſe, I ſhade my Head,
The good *Patricians* muſt be Waited on;
I had rather be Their Servant in my Way,
Than Rule with them in Theirs.
Com. On to the Capitol. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Tribunes.

Bru. All Tongues ſpeak of Him, and the feeble Sights
Are Spectacled to ſee Him: Pratling Nurſes,
Into a Rupture let their Infants Cry,
Chatting of Him; the dowdy Maukin pins
Her Lockrum on, and clambers Walls to View him:
Stalls, Gall'ries, Windows, All are Smother'd up,
Leads Fill'd, and Ridges Hors'd: The Reverend *Flamens*
Amongſt the Crowd, Preſs for a Vulgar Station,
As at the Approach of ſome Deſcended *God*,
He cannot Temperat'ly bear his Honours;
But will himſelf Deſtroy what he has VVon.
Sic. There Reſts our Hope,
Doubt not the Commoners, for whom we ſtand,
Upon their antient Malice will forget,
On the leaſt Cauſe, his moſt Applauded Service.
Bru. I heard him Swear, were he to Stand for *Conſul*,
He never wou'd Appear i'th' Market place,
In the vile Garment of Humility;
And ſhewing (as the Cuſtom is) his VVounds
To th' People, nor wou'd Beg their ſtinking Breaths.

Sic.

Sic. It was his Word:
I Wiſh no Better, than to have him hold
That Purpoſe.
Bru. We muſt Suggeſt to th' People, in what Hatred
He ſtill has Held 'em: That to his Pow'r, he wou'd
Have made 'em Mules, and Silenc't Us, their Pleaders;
That he Eſteems no better of 'em, than
As Cammels of the War, that have their Provender
For bearing Burdens, Blows for Sinking under 'em.
Sic. This (as you ſay) Suggeſted
At ſome Time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall Fret the People, which will ſurely happen,
If he be put upon't; and That's as eaſy,
As to ſet Dogs at Sheep; he bears the Fire
To kindle their dry Stubble, and the Blaze
Shall Darken him for Ever.
Bru. His Pow'r, or Ours, muſt Sleep: Away to the Capitol.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene *Opening, ſhews the* Senate *ſitting in the Capitol*; Coriolanus *in a White Robe, as Candidate for the* Conſulſhip.

1 *Sen.* Sit *Coriolanus*, never Bluſh to Hear
What You have Nobly done.
Cor. Your Honours Pardon,
I had rather have my Wounds to Heal again,
Than Hear ſay, how I got 'em.
Bru. I Hope my Lord, my Words have not Diſplac't you.
Cor. No Sir; yet oft,
When Blows have made me ſtay, I have Fled from Words:
You did not Flatter me;
Therefore cou'd not Diſpleaſe me; but Your People,
I Love 'em as they Weigh—— [*Exit.*
Com. The Deeds of *Coriolanus*, Honour'd Fathers,
Shou'd not be Feebly ſpoke; and Breath wou'd Fail me
To tell the Half: If Valour be with *Romans*,
The Chiefeſt Virtue, *Martius* has no Equal:
When *Tarquin* firſt made Head; at Sixteen Years,

He Fought for *Rome's* Dear Freedom, and Beſtri'd
An'ore preſt *Roman*, in the Conſul's Sight;
Slew Three Oppoſers, *Tarquin's* ſelf Encounter'd,
And Struck Him on his Knee; in that Days Toil,
When He might Act a Woman in the *Scene*,
He prov'd Beſt Man o'th' Field; and for his Service,
Was Crown'd before the Camp: Grown up to Strength,
The Matchleſs Youth, prov'd yet more Wondrous Man;
And in the Brunt of Seventeen Battels ſince
Monopoliz'd the Garland; for this laſt,
Before, and in, *Corioles*:
I cannot Speak him Home; He ſtopt the Flyers,
And by his Rare Example made the Coward,
Turn Terrour into Sport; his Sword, Death's Stamp,
Where it did Fall, it took from Face to Foot:
He was a Thing of Blood; almoſt alone
He Forc't *Corioles*, came Aidleſs off,
And Leading, Waiting Death, from Town to Camp:
He Gave no Reſpight to his Panting Breſt,
Till we cou'd Call both Field and Citty Ours.

1 *Sen.* We Yield him Worthy of the Conſulſhip:
Summon Him in.

Com. Be pleas'd to Hear
What yet Exceeds all this; Our Spoils He Slighted,
And Look't on the Seiz'd Treaſures, as they were
The common Muck o'th' World; he Covets leſs,
Than Miſery it ſelf wou'd give, Rewards
His Deeds with doing 'em, Accounts 'em only
As Pledges of more Services to come.

1 *Sen.* Summon Him in.

Enter Coriolanus

Men. The Senate *Coriolanus* are well Pleas'd
To make Thee Conſul.

Cor. I owe 'em ſtill my Life and Services.

Men. It now Remains, that you Beſpeak the People.

Cor. I do Beſeech your Honours

Let

Let me o're-Leap that Cuſtom, for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand Publick, and Entreat 'em
For my Wounds ſake, to give their Suffrages;
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this Ceremony.

Bru. The Cuſtom may in no wiſe be infring'd.

Sic. The Peoples Liberties Depend upon't,
And no particular muſt be Diſpenc't with.

Men. We do Solicit from your Spleens no Favour,
Put 'em not to't, my Lord, but ſtoop to th' Cuſtom,
And take t' you, as your Predeceſſors have,
This Dear-bought Honour, with the uſual Forms.

Cor. It is a Part, that I ſhall Bluſh in Acting;
Methinks the People well might ſpare this Method;
Better Conſtrain'd to do it.

Sic. Mark you That?

Cor. To Brag to 'em, that I did Thus and Thus,
Shew 'em unaking Scars, which I ſhou'd Hide,
As if I had Receiv'd 'em for the Hire
Of their vile Breath!

Men. Pray do not ſtand upon't.

1 *Sen. Tribunes* by You, we Recommend to the People,
Our Noble Choice, and to our worthy Conſul,
We Wiſh all Joy and Honour. Call the *Lictors*,
And Bid the *Faſces* move. [*Exeunt.*

Sic. You ſee how he intends to Treat the Commons.

Bru. May they perceive's Intent; He'll Beg of 'em,
As if he did Contemn, what he Requeſted,
And Scorn the Givers.

Sic. We'll Inform 'em ſo;
Let's Haſten to the *Forum*, where I know,
They Wait Us with Impatience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Street.

Enter the Citizens *in vaſt Number.*

1 *Cit.* Well Neighbours, for once (if he Require our Voices) we ought not to Deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may Sir, if we will.

1 *Cit.* I Grant you, we have a Pow'r in our ſelves to do it; but it is ſuch a Power, as we have no Power to do: For if he ſhew us his Wounds, we are likewiſe to ſhew our Feeling of thoſe Wounds; ſo if he tells us his Noble Deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble Acceptance of 'em: Ingratitude is Monſtrous, and for the Multitude to be Ingrateful, were to make a Monſter of the Multitude, of which, we being Members, ſhou'd bring our ſelves to be Monſtrous Members.

2 *Cit.* Right; ſo, when we ſtood up once about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to Call us the Many-headed Multitude.

1 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of Many. Well, we are All Reſolv'd (the greater Part of Us) to give him our Voices. If he Lov'd the People, there never was a Worthier Man; therefore, he ſhall have your Voices?

All. All, all, all,

1 *Cit.* But look you, to my Knowledge he Hates the People, And therefore you All Deny him your Voices?

All. All, all, all, *&c.*

Enter Coriolanus, *in the Robe of Humility*, Menenius with him.

1 *Cit.* Look, here he comes in the *Robe of Humility*: Mark his Behaviour; Obſerve me Neighbours, we are not to Advance altogether; but to come to him where he ſtands, by One's, by Two's, and by Three's; then is he to make his Requeſt by Particulars, wherein every one of us has a ſingle Honour, in giving Him our own Voices, with our own Tongues; therefore follow me, and I'll ſhew you the Trick on't.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh! Sir, you are not Right in this, you know
The Worthyeſt Men have don't.

Cor. What muſt I ſay? I pray Sir? Plague upon't,
I cannot bring my Tongue to ſuch Tune:
Look Sir, my Wounds
I got 'em in my Countrys Service, when
Some Certain of your Brethren Roar'd, and Ran
From the Noiſe of our own Drums.

Men. O *Gods!* You muſt not ſpeak of this,
You muſt Deſire 'em Sir, to Think upon you.
Cor. Think on me? Hang 'em,
I wou'd they wou'd Forget me, like their Pray'rs.
Men. You will Marr All; I'll leave you;
Beſeech you ſpeak to 'em in the Mildeſt manner.
Cor. Hell! Bid 'em Waſh their Faces,
And keep their Teeth Clean: ſo, here comes a Brace;
You know the Cauſe Sir of my ſtanding here.
1 *Cit.* We do Sir; therefore Deſire you tell us what brought you hither.
Cor. My own Deſert.
2 *Cit.* Your *own Deſert!*
Cor. But not my own Deſire.
3 *Cit.* How! *Not your own Deſire.*
Cor. No Sir,
It never yet was my Deſire to Trouble
The Poor with Begging.
1 *Cit.* You muſt think Sir, if we give you any thing, it is in Hope to Gain by you.
Cor. Well, Then your Price o'th' Conſulſhip?
1 *Cit.* The Price is, to Ask it Kindly.
Cor. Then Kind Sir, let me have it, I have Wounds to ſhew,
Which ſhall be yours in Private: Your good Voice Sir,
What ſay You?
2 *Cit.* You have it Worthy Sir.
Cor. A Match Sir; ſo, There's in All, two Worthy Voices Begg'd; I have your Alms, Adieu.

Enter Two more.

Cor. Pray now, If it may ſtand with the Tune of your good Voices, that I may be Conſul? I have here the Cuſtomary Gown.
3 *Cit.* You have Deſerv'd Nobly of your Country, and you have not Deſerv'd Nobly.
Cor. Your Enigma?
3 *Cit.* You have been a Scourge to Her Enemies, and a Rod

to

to Her Friends: You Hate the People.

Cor. You ſhou'd Account me the more Virtuous for't,
That I have not been Common in my Love.
Therefore let me be Conſul.

4 *Cit.* Well, We Hope to find you our Friend yet; and therefore give you our Voices.

Cor. Agreed Sir, better 'tis to Dye, to Starve,
Than Beg the Hire, for which we firſt did Serve:
This Impoſition is by Cuſtom laid;
Muſt Cuſtom then in All things be Obey'd?
The Duſt on Antique Time, wou'd lye Unſwept,
And Mountains Errour, be too highly Heapt
For Truth t' ore-peer; rather than Fool it ſo,
Let the High Office, and the Honour go
To one cou'd bear This—yet am I half through.
Here come more Judges.

Two more come forward.

Your Voices; for your Voices have I Fought;
Watch't for your Voices; for your Voices bear,
Of Wounds Two Dozen Odd: have for your Voices
Done many Things, ſome more, ſome leſs;
Your Voices then: Indeed I wou'd be Conſul.

5 *Cit.* The Truth is, You have Behav'd your ſelf, as I ſhou'd have done in the ſame Place; and therefore you ſhall have my Voice, as I wou'd Expect it my ſelf.

6 *Cit.* Heav'n Bleſs our Noble Conſul. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Precious Voters.

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your Limitation, and the *Tribunes*
Endue you with the Peoples Choice.
It now remains, that in Robes of Honour,
You Wait upon the *Senate.*

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have Diſcharg'd;

The

The People do Admit you, and are Summon'd
To Meet Anon upon your Approbation.

Cor. Where? at the *Senate* Houſe.

Bru. There *Coriolanus.*

Cor. Then I may Shift theſe Garments?

Sic. You may Sir.

Cor. Good, then I'll Know my ſelf again,
And haſt to the Capitol.

Men. I'll bear you Company; will you along.

Sic. We ſtay here to Diſmiſs the People. [Ex. *Cor. Men.*
He has it now, and by his Looks, Methinks
'Tis Warm at's Heart.

Bru. With a Proud Heart, He Wore his humble Weeds:
Will you Diſmiſs the Crow'd.

Enter the Plebeians.

Sic. How now my Maſters, have you Choſe this Man.

1 *Cit.* He has our Voices Sir.

Bru. We Pray the *Gods* He may Deſerve your Kindneſs.

1 *Cit.* The *Gods*, and We, are Agreed about that Matter already: You ſay He's Proud. I ſay He call'd me Sir, and Carry'd himſelf Like a moſt Civil Gentleman.

2 *Cit.* To my Thinking, he Flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* It is his kind of Speech, he has a Scurvy handſome Way with him, that's the Truth on't.

Sic. He ſhew'd You too, his Marks of Merit, Wounds
Receiv'd for's Country.

1 *Cit.* He did ſo; I remember All, as well as the Wart on my Noſe.

2 *All.* No, no, no Man ſaw 'em.

1 *Cit.* Right, now I Remember better, I ſaw never a One of 'em: The Gods ſend he have Any, I ſay: he ſaid he Wounds for us, I think ſome Eight or Ten Douzen; and Waving his Hand thus in Scorn, *I wou'd be Conſul*, ſayes he, *and Cuſtom will not let me, but by your Voices; I have need at preſent of your Voices; therefore let me have your Voices:* which when we Granted, *I Thank you for 'em* (quoth he) *and now you have left your Voices, I have no fur-*

ther

ther with you. And he's the dulleſt Rogue in *Rome*, that cou'd not find This to be meer Mockery.

Bru. Why then were you ſo Stupid not to ſee't;
Or ſeeing it, ſo Senſeleſs to Approve Him?

Sic. Cou'd you not have told him,
As we had Taught you; That when he had no Pow'r,
But was a petty Servant to the State:
He was your Enemy, and ever ſpoke againſt
The Liberties and Charters, that you bear
I'th' *Common-wealth*; and being now Arriv'd
To a Place of Pow'r and Sway, if he ſhou'd ſtill
Malignantly Remain your Foe;
Your Voices wou'd be Curſes to your ſelves.

1 *Cit.* I, ſo I told 'em, but their Hearts were as Hard as their Forehead.

Bru. Thus to have ſaid, as you were Fore-inſtructed,
Had Touch't his Spirit, and Try'd his Inclination:
Had either Forc't from him a gracious Promiſe,
Which you might afterwards have Held him to,
Or elſe it wou'd have Gall'd his ſurly Nature:
And to ſuch angry Mood Enrag'd him, that
You might have took Advantage of his Paſſion,
And paſs'd him Unelected.

1 *Cit.* I Told 'em that too. Well, He's not Confirm'd, and we may Deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will Deny him:
I have Five Hundred Voters of that Sound.

1 *Cit.* I, Twice Five Hundred, with their Friends to Back 'em.

Bru. Get you Hence Inſtantly, and tell thoſe Friends,
They have Choſe a Conſul that will take from 'em
Their Liberties; make 'em of no more Voice
Than Dogs, that often are for Barking beaten,
Yet only Kept to Bark.

Sic. Aſſemble therefore on a ſafer Judgement,
And All Revoke your Ignorant Election;
Enforce his Pride to ſhew his Hate; Forget not
With what Contempt he Wore the Cuſtom'd Robe:
And Laſtly, Lay the Fault on us your *Tribunes.*

Bru.

Bru. I, Spare us not,
Say any thing whereby you may Revoke your ſuddain Choice;
And then, as ſoon as you have Drawn your Number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will ſo.

1 *Cit.* And rather then Fail, we'll Swear every Man of us, we never gave him our Conſent. Away, away. [*Exeunt.*

Bru. Let 'em go on;
This Mutiny were better put in Hazzard,
Than Run a greater, and more certain Miſchief:
If (as he ſurely will) he fall in Rage
With their Refuſal, we'll be cloſe at Hand,
To watch th' Advantage his blind Fury yeilds;
And from his own Spleen, work a Snare to Hold him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT the Third.

Coriolanus *in the Conſuls Robes*, Cominius, Menenius, *with the Nobles*; *Met by the* Tribunes, Sicinius, *and* Brutus, *and the* Plebeians.

Sic. BAck, paſs no further.

Cor. Ha! What's That?

Bru. It will be Dangerous to go on; no Further.

Cor. What makes this Change?

Com. Has he not paſt the *Nobles*, and the *Commons?*

Bru. Cominius, No.

Cor. Have I had Childrens Voices?

Men. Tribunes give way.

Sic. The People are incens'd againſt him.

Cor. Are theſe your Herd?
Muſt theſe have Voices? That can yield 'em now,
And ſtraight Diſclaim their Tongues! What are your Offices?
You are their Mouths, Why Rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not ſet 'em On?

Men. Be Calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd buſineſs, a meer Plot

To Curb the Pow'r of the Nobility:
Bear it, and Live with ſuch as cannot Rule,
And never will be Rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a Plot;
The People ſay you Mock't 'em, and of late,
When Corn was giv'n 'em *Gratis*, you Repin'd.
Cor. Was not this known before.
Sic. Not to 'em All.
Cor. Have you Inform'd 'em ſince? Fire! Plagues! This Practice
Becomes not *Rome*, nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this Uſage; I muſt tell you Friends,
In Suff'ring this, we Nouriſh 'gainſt the *Senate*
Sedition and Rebellion; thus They are Thank't
For what they have giv'n to Beggars.
Sic. You ſpeak o'th' People, as you were a *God*
To Puniſh, not a Man of their Infirmity.
Bru. It were moſt fit we let the People know't.
Men. What, what? 'Tis but his Choller.
Cor. Choller.
Were I as Patient as the Midnight Sleep,
By *Jove* 'twou'd be my Mind.
Sic. It is a Mind that ſhall retain it's Venome,
Not Poyſon any Further.
Cor. Shall Retain;
Hear you this *Triton* of the *Minews*, mark you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. Well; On to th' Market-Place.
Cor. Whoever gave that Councel, to give out
The Corn o'th' Store-Houſe *Gratis*, Fed Sedition,
And the *State's* Ruin.
Bru. Why ſhou'd the People give
One that ſpeaks thus their Voice.
Cor. I'll give my Reaſons,
More Worthy than their Voices: Preſt to th' War,
They wou'd not paſs their Gates; this kind of Service
Did not deſerve Corn *Gratis*; being i'th' War,
Their only Valour was in Mutiny,
In Faction only Bold; Nobles pluck out at once,
The Multitudinous Tongue, nor let 'em lick
The Sweet that is their Poyſon.

Sic.

Sic. He has ſaid enough.
Bru. He has ſpoken like a Traytor, and ſhall Anſwer
As Traytors do.
Cor. Miſcreant, Deſpight o'rewhelm thee;
What ſhou'd the People do with theſe Bald *Tribunes*,
That make 'em fail their Duty to the Bench?
Let what is fit take Place, and Throw their Pow'r to th' Duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon!
The Ediles Hoa! Let him be Apprehended.
Cor. Away old Goat.
All. We'll be his Surety.
Cor. Hence rotten Thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy Bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sic. Help Citizens.
Men. On both ſides more Reſpect.
Bru. Here's He wou'd take Away your Liberties.
All. Down with him, down with him.
Cor. Hark how the whole Kennel Eccho to the Cry
Of this old Brace of Curs! A Poaching pair
Of Vermine, Fed by the Prey, that others Toil for;
Spawn of Sedition, and the Spawners of it.
Bru. Whom means the Lunatick?
Cor. *You, Faction-Mongers,*
That wear your formal Beards, and Plotting Heads,
By the Valour of the Men you Perſecute;
Canting Caballers, that in ſmoaky Cells,
Amongſt Crop-ear'd Mechanicks, waſt the Night
In Villanous Harrangues againſt the State.
There may Your Worſhip's *Pride be ſeen t' embrace*
A ſmutty Tinker, and in extaſy
Of Treaſon, ſhake a Cobler be th' wax't Thumb.
Sic. Or let Us ſtand to Our Authority,
Or let Us loſe it; We do here Pronounce
Upon the Peoples Pow'r, this *Martius*
Worthy of preſent Death.
Bru. Therefore lay Hold on him,
Bear him to th' *Tarpeian Rock*, from whence,
Into Deſtruction caſt him: Ediles Seize him.
Cor. No, I'll Dye here;
There's ſome among you have beheld me Fight:
Come, Try upon your Selves.

All. Down with him. [*The Nobles draw their Swords.*

Men. Help *Martius*, Help.

The Tribunes, *the* Ediles, *and* People, *are Beat off.*

Com. Stand faſt, We have as many Friends as Enemies.

Cor. Oh! wou'd 't were put to That!

Men. The God's forbid;
Beſeech you Noble Sir, Home to your Houſe,
Leave Us to Cure this Breach.

Com. Come Sir, I will along with you.

Cor. On fair Ground, I wou'd beat a Legion of 'em.

Com. But now 'tis Odds beyond *Arithmetick*;
Will you from hence before the Tags return?

Men. Pray you be gone;
I'll try whether my old Wit be in Requeſt,
With thoſe that have but little.

Com. Nay, Come away. [*Exit.* Coriolanus, *and* Cominius.

Men. Oh! He has Mar'd his Fortune;
He wou'd not Flatter *Neptune* for his *Trident*,
Nor *Jove* for his Pow'r to Thunder.

Sen. I wou'd they were a Bed. [*Shout of the Citizens within.*

Men. I wou'd they were i'th' *Tiber*.

Re-enter Sicinius, *and* Brutus, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this Viper?
That wou'd Depopulate the City, and
Be every Man himſelf?

Bru. He has reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further Tryal.

1 *Cit.* We'll give him to Underſtand, that our Noble Tribunes, are the Peoples Mouths, and we their Hands.

Men. Sir, Sir,—

Sic. Menenius, you have help't
To make this Reſcue.

Men. Hear me Speak,
As I do know the *Conſuls* Worthyneſs,
So I can name his Faults.

Bru. What Conſul?

Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus*.

All. No, no, no, he's no Conſul.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours good Citizens,
I may be Heard—

Sic.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For know, We have Decreed his certain Death,
He Dies to Night.
Men. Now the Good *Gods* forbid.
Bru. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be Cut away.
Men. O! He's a Limb that has but a Diſeaſe,
Mortal to Cut it off, to Cure it eaſy:
What has he done to *Rome*, that's Worthy Death;
Moſt of his Blood is for his Country Shed,
And what is left, to loſe it by his Country——
Sic. Wide from the Buſineſs:
When he did Love his Country, It Honour'd Him.
Bru. Therefore we'll hear no more:
Purſue him to his Houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his Infection being of Catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. Yet one word more: Beſeech ye proceed by Proceſs,
Leſt Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And Sack Great *Rome* with *Romans.*
Sic. If it were ſo?—
Bru. What do you Talk,
Have we not had a Taſt of his Obedience;
Our Ediles Struck, our Selves Reſiſted? Come——
Men. Conſider Sirs, He has been Bred in Wars
Since he could Draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In ſoothing Language; Meal and Bran together,
He Throws without Diſtinction; give me leave,
I'll go to him, and bring him t' you in Peace,
Where he ſhall Anſwer by a lawful Form
Upon his utmoſt Peril.
Senat. Noble Tribunes,
It is the Worthier way, the other Courſe
will prove too Bloody, and the End of it,
Unknown to the Beginning.
Bru. Menenius, then be you the Peoples Officer.
Maſters lay down your Weapons.
Sic. Go not Home.
Bru. Meet at the *Forum*, we'll Attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt Way. [*Exit. Tribunes and People.*
Men.

Men. I'll 'gage my Life upon't,
Let me desire your Company, we must bring Him,
Or Worse will follow. [*Exit.*

Enter Volumnia, *met by* Valeria, *passing by in a Chair.*

Val. *Hold, hold, set me down—— I Swear Madam, I had almost overseen my good Fortune, and past by your Ladyship.*

Vol. Your Ladyships most humble Servant.

Val. *And upon my Honour, Madam, my Hast is so Violent, and Affairs so Important, that nothing, but the Sight of your Ladyship, shou'd have Stop me: Well, I hear my Lord* Coriolanus *continues Obstinate; I Love an Obstinate Man most inordinately! Do's your Ladyship know, Madam, that I am the greatest Rabble-Hater of my Sex? I think 'em the common Nuisance of the World; there's no Thought, no Science, no Eloquence, no Breeding amongst 'em; and therefore your Ladyship must know, They are my Aversion: For, as to all these Particulars, and to every one of 'em, the Envy of the World must Grant—— and your Ladyship knows, the World is most Malicious—— I say, the Envy of the World must Grant——O* Jupiter! *What was, I saying, Madam?*

Vol. I Beg your Ladyships Pardon, that——

Val. *Then Madam, there's such Mistery in my Dress! the Wits see Poetry in it, the Souldiers Spirit and Courage, the Mathematicians describe the Spheres in't, and your Geographers, the* Terra Incognita: *and yet your Ladyship sees 'tis as plain as Nature; no Trim, no Ornament: There's my Lady* Galatea, *such a fantastical, fulsome Figure, all Curls and Feathers! And besides Madam, she's such an Eternal Talker! Her Tongue's the perpetual Motion, and she affects such hard Words, such an obdurate Phrase, that she exposes her self a publick Ludibry to the Universe.*

Vol. Nay, now *Valeria*——

[*Here one of the Pages whisper* Valeria.

Val. *How's that?* Titus Decius, Cajus Proculus, Marcus Flavius, Publius Cotta; *All to wait on me since I came Forth? Are they not all Banish't Men? Have I not Refus'd, incontinently, to see 'em these three Days together; nay, though they came upon State Affairs: O the Impudence of Man-kind! I Swear, a Lady had need look to her Circumstances! Well, I'll to* Athens *agen, incontinently! Boy, tell 'em I shall return at Six precisely——I Swear, Madam, this Love's my Aversion of all things in the World; and yet for the Speculative part, I presume, I understand it most Unmeasurably: Trust me, I cou'd Write the Art of Love.*

Vol.

Vol. Think you ſo Madam?

Val. *As thus; ſometimes to ſeem, inordinately, Jealous of them; ſometimes to make them, inordinately, Jealous of mee: to ſeem Merry when I am Sad; Sad when I am Merry; to Rail at the Dreſs that becomes me beſt, and Swear I put it on in Contradiction to Them.*

Vol. Indeed Madam?

Val. *O* Jupiter! *How inſenſibly the Time runs, whilſt your Ladyſhip is Diſcourſing; I cou'd hear your Ladyſhip Diſcourſe all Day—— but this Buſineſs is the moſt uncivil Thing—— but your Ladyſhip, and I, ſhall take a Time: Your Ladyſhip will excuſe my Haſt; for I Swear, I am in Haſt moſt inordinately.* [Exit.

Enter to Volumnia, Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, *with the Reſt of the Nobles.*

Cor. Let 'em pull All upon my Head, preſent me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horſes Heels;
Or Pile Ten Hills on the *Tarpejan Rock:*
Thus will I bear my ſelf, nor bate a Grain
Of my firm Temper.

Vol. Come, be Milder.

Cor. From whence this Change? For Madam, You were wont
To call the Slaves, Things made to ſit Bare-headed
In the Aſſembly, and to Yawn and Wonder,
When any One of my high Rank ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace or War.
Why do You Wiſh me Milder? wou'd You have me
Falſe to my Nature; rather ſay, I Play
The Man I am.

Vol. O *Coriolanus*!
I wou'd have had you put your Pow'r well on,
'Ere you had Worn it out.

Men. Come, You have been too Rough;
You muſt Return and Mend it:
There's no Remedy,
Unleſs You'll ſee the City laid in Aſhes.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to the *Tribunes.*

Cor. Well, What then? what then?

Men. Repent what You have Spoke.

Cor. To them? I cannot do it to the *Gods.*

Vol. You are too Abſolute,

If it be Honour in Your Wars, to ſeem
The Thing You are not, for Your Countreys Good:
Why is it leſs in Peace, when the whole State
Is ſet at equal Hazzard? This feign'd Compliance
No more Diſhonours You, than to Take in
A Town with gentle Words, that ſets you elſe
At Chance, and is at beſt the Price of Blood;
I wou'd Diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes, and my Friends were both at Stake;
I ſpeak the Voice of All, and am in This,
Your Wife, Your Son, the Senators, and Nobles;
And in a Word, the Life, and Fate of *Rome*.

Men. O moſt Divinely Urg'd.

Vol. I Pray go to 'em
With mild Behaviour; for in ſuch a Buſineſs,
Action is Eloquence; and the Eyes o'th' Vulgar,
More Learned than their Ears: Or ſay to 'em,
Thou art their Souldier, and being Bred in Battles,
Have not the Soft way, which you do Confeſs,
Were fit for Thee to Uſe, as Them to Claim.

Men. This but Perform'd, i'th' manner, ſhe has ſpoke,
Their Hearts are Yours; nay, You ſhall have their Knees.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I've been i'th' Market Place, and Sir 'tis neceſſary
You make Strong Party to Defend your Self,
Or with fair Language Calm 'em; All's on Fire.

Vol. He Muſt, and Will.

Cor. Well, I Comply,
Yet were there but this ſingle Frame to Loſe;
This Mould of *Martius*, They to Duſt ſhou'd Grind it,
And Throw't againſt the Wind, to th' Market-place.
You have put me to a Part, that I ſhall ne're
Diſcharge to the Life.

Com. Come, come, we'll Prompt You.

Cor. Away my Diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me,
Some *Ev'nuchs* Spirit; and the Virgin Voice,
That Lulls the Babe Aſleep;— I will not do't,
Leſt I deſiſt to Honour my own Truth;
And by my Bodies Action, Teach my Mind,
A moſt inherent Baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy Choice then:
To beg of Thee, is more below my Honour,
Than Thou of them: I ſtand prepar'd for Death,
With Heart as fix as Thine: Deſtruction come,
And let *Rome's* Founder, and the groaning Spirits
Of all Her Guardians Dead,
Affright the Elements to ſee their Citty,
With Her own Hands let all Her Vital's Blood:
The Care of Heav'n, and Fate expire in Flames,
Whilſt with a dreadful Joy Her Foes look on;
And with inſulting Smiles *Aufidius* cries,
Corioles Ruins ſped him with one Name,
Rome give him now Another.

Cor. Oh my Mother!
Forgive my ſtubborn Frame! Look, I am going;
Chide me no more: Oh! You ſhall ſee me play
The very *Mountebank*; Return belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome:* I'll return Conſul,
Or never truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.

Vol. Do your Will. [*Exit.*

Com. The *Tribunes* do Attend you, Arm your ſelf
To Anſwer Mildly; for they are prepar'd
With grievous Accuſations. See, they are come
To ſeek us out.

Cor. Let 'em Accuſe me by Invention, I
Will Anſwer in my Honour.

Men. I, but Mildly.

Cor. Well, Mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Tribunes *and* Rabble.

Sic. Draw near my Fellow Citizens.

Edile. Liſt to your *Tribunes:* Peace.

Cor. Firſt hear me ſpeak.

Both Trib. Well, ſay — Peace hoa!

Cor. Shall I be Charg'd no further, than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

Bru. You muſt Submit to the Peoples Voices,
Allow their Officers, be content to ſuffer
Such lawful Cenſure for your Faults, as ſhall
Be prov'd upon you.

Cor. I am Content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he ſayes he is Content.

Cor. What is the Matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full Voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very Hour
You take it off agen?

Sic. Anſwer to us.

Cor. Say then, 'tis true, I ought ſo.

Sic. We Charge you, that you have Contriv'd to take
From *Rome*, all Office, ſtrove to wind your ſelf
Into a Pow'r Tyrannical;
For which, you are a Traytor to the People.

Cor. How? Traytor!

Men. Nay, patiently: your Promiſe.

Cor. The Fires i'th' loweſt Hell, fold in their People,
Call me their Traytor: Thou injurious *Tribune*,
Were Legions by thee, I wou'd ſay, thou Ly'ſt,
With Voice as free as I do Pray the *Gods*.

Bru. Mark you this; People.

All. To the Rock, to the Rock with him.

Sic. We need not put new Matter to his Charge;
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak;
Beating your Officers, Curſing your Selves,
Oppoſing Law with Blows; and laſt, defying
The Pow'r that was to Try him: this deſerves
The extreameſt Death.

Bru. But ſince he has Serv'd well for *Rome* —

Cor. What, do you talk of Service?

Bru. I ſpeak of it that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the Promiſe that you made?

Cor. Vex me no more:
Let 'em pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* Death,
Vagabond Exile, Fleaing; doom'd to Linger:
But with a Grain a Day, I wou'd not buy
Their Mercy at the Price of one fair Word.

Sic. I ſay, his Service to the State being weigh'd,
With hoſtile Practices committed ſince:
I'th' Name o'th' People, and the *Tribunes* Pow'r,
We Baniſh him for ever from our Citty;

In

In pain of Death from the *Tarpeian Rock*,
No more to enter through the Gates of *Rome*:
I'th Peoples Name, I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; Away with him, He's a baniſh'd Man, Out with him.

Com. Hear me my Maſters, and my common Friends.

Sic. He's Sentenc'd; no more Hearing. He is Baniſh't,
As Enemy to the People, and his Country.

All. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo; it ſhall be ſo, *&c.*

Cor. You common Cry of Curs, whoſe Breath I hate,
More than the rotten Fens, whoſe Love I prize,
As the Dead Carkaſſes of unburied Men,
That do corrupt my Air. I Baniſh you:
Remain you here with curſt Uncertainty;
Let every feeble Rumour ſhake your Hearts,
Have ſtill the Pow'r to Baniſh your Defenders,
Till you are left a Prey to ſome vile Nation,
That Won you without Blows; Poyſon each other;
Devour each other; Commerce ceaſe amongſt you;
Rob one another: nothing you can Steal,
but Thieves do loſe it: Whirlwinds ſack your Town,
And Citizens, and Citty, make one Rubbiſh.
Thus with the *Gods*, I turn my Back upon you;
And ſwift Confuſion ſwallow you. [*Exit. with his Friends.*

Sic. There went the Peoples Enemy.

They All Shout, and throw up their Caps.

Go ſee him out at Gates, and follow him,
As he has follow'd you; with all Deſpight,
Give him diſerv'd Vexation: Let a Guard
Attend vs through the Citty.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee him out at Gates: the *Gods* preſerve our noble *Tribunes*; Away, away. [*Exit.*

Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the Nobility of* Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your Fears, a brief Farewell, and Part:
The Beaſt with many Heads Butts me away:
Nay Mother, Where is now your wonted Courage?
You have been us'd to ſay, Extremities
Were the Diſtinguiſhers of Noble Spirits;
That common Changes, common Men cou'd bear;

That when the Sea was Calm, the ſlighteſt Boats,
Cou'd with the Proudeſt, cut the ſmooth fac't Floud;
That Strength and Management was for the Storm:
Thus you were wont to Arm me, with ſuch precepts,
As made invincible the Heart that learn't 'em.

Vol. The ſpotted Peſtilence ſtrike every Street,
And purple Slaughter triumph through the Citty;
Death block up every Door, and Graves be wanting;
The noiſy Trades be huſht, and Traffick ceaſe;
Aſſemblies be no more: *Owls*, *Ravens*, *Vultures*,
With Neſts obſcene, their deſolate Buildings fill,
And Beaſts of Prey their antient Seats regain.

Cor. No more, the Life of *Rome*'s not worth this Mourning;
I ſhall be Lov'd, when I am lack't — nay Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'd have Born, and Sav'd
Your Husband ſo much Sweat.

Vol. My firſt-born Son,
I call the *Gods* to Witneſs for my Temper,
That hitherto thy Dangers were my Joy,
Whilſt for the Service of thy Country born;
But now thou haſt no Country to Defend,
I feel the Womans Tenderneſs return;
The Mothers Fondneſs, and her panting Fears.

Virg. My injur'd Lord, What Courſe wilt thou perſue,
Expos'd to more Diſtreſs, and threatning Dangers,
Than ever yet befel a Baniſh't Man:
From her Confederate, Citties, *Rome* Excludes thee;
And in *Rome*'s Service, thou haſt made all others,
Thy Foes implacable?

Cor. The *Gods* that Warn me from theſe Seats, Chooſe for me.
Where is my little Life? Pray let me ſee him,
Leave him a haſty Bleſſing, and Away.

Young Martius *brought in*; Coriolanus *take him in his Arms.*

Oh! How I Grutch ingrateful *Rome* this Treaſure!
Make much of him *Virgilia*, I ſhall live
To Train him up in War, and he ſhall Chooſe
Some Country to Defend, and make his own:
My Abſence in ſome Part he ſhall Supply;

And

And with his innocent Pratling, chide thy Sights,
When thou ſhalt Wake, and Miſs me from thy Bed.

Boy, Sir, Shall not I go with you? my Grand-Mother has
Promis'd me a Sword.

Cor. My pretty Life, I'll Viſit thee again;
Take, take him hence, he raiſes in my Breaſt
A Tenderneſs that's moſt Unſeaſonable:
And Loathneſs to Depart — take him away.

Boy, Then in truly Sir, I'll learn to Ride,
And come to you.

Cor. Away, the little Thief has ſtole my Temper,
And fill'd my Eye-lids with unmanly Dew:
Once more Farewell to All.

Men. Permit us Sir,
To Wait you to the Citty Gates, ſo far
The Cruelty o'th' People do's Allow.

Cor. By *Jove*, and Fire-Ey'd *Mars*, not one Step further:
This Race of Pilgrimage is all my own.
I know not what preſage has ſtruck my Breaſt;
But Oh! Methinks I ſee Deſtruction teem,
And waiting for my Abſence, to Diſcharge
The battering Storm on this perfidious Citty:
So when the murmering Wind, from out his Neſt,
Jove's Royal Bird to the open Region calls;
Aloft he Mounts, and then the Tempeſt Falls. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE, *The City of* Corioles.

Enter Coriolanus, *Diſguis'd in mean Habit.*

Cor. A Goodly Citty this *Corioles!* Citty,
'Twas I that did Transform thy Joyful Wives,
To Mourning Widdows; many a Darling Heir
Of theſe fair Palaces, have I Cut off

I'th'

I'th' wretched Parents ſight; then know me not.
Here is *Aufidious* Court, I'll enter in;
Perhaps he Kills me; then he does fair Juſtice;
But if he give me Scope, I'll do his Country Service. [*Exit.*

The Inſide of the Palace; Muſick Plays; Servants paſs haſtily over the Stage.

1 *Serv.* Wine, Wine, Wine! No Ears amongſt us? I think our Fellows are all Aſleep.

2 *Serv. Cotus*, Where's *Cotus?* my Maſter Calls for him, *Cotus.* [*Exit.*

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A ſumptuous Houſe! The Feaſt ſmells well; but I appear not like a Gueſt.

1 *Serv.* How now! What have we here? What wou'd you have Friend? Whence come you? here's no place for you: Pray find the way to the Door.

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better Entertainment
From this *Corioles.*

Enter the Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence come you Sir? What, has the Porter no Eyes in his Head? to let ſuch Companions in: pray get you out.

Cor. Away.

2 *Serv.* Away? get you away.

Cor. Thou art Troubleſome. [*Trips him up.*

2 *Serv.* Are you ſo brisk? Well, I'll have you order'd anon. [*Exit.*

Enter Aufidius *with* Servants.

Auf. Where is this Follow?

2 *Serv.* Here my Lord, I had Cudgell'd him like a Dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt Thou? what wou'dſt have? thy Name, Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? thy Name I ſay?

Cor. A Name unmuſical to *Volſcian* Ears,
And *Tullus* harſh to thine.

Auf. Speak, Who thou art?
Thou haſt a grim Appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't; though they Tackle's Torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble Veſſel: ſpeak thy Name.

Cor. Prepare thy Brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know the not; ſpeak.

Cor.

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who have done
To all the *Volſces*; Thee particularly,
Moſt rueful Miſchief; take, to Witneſs this,
My Sir-name *Coriolanus*: All my Dangers,
My painful Service, and expence of Blood,
Shed for my thankleſs Country, are requited
But with that Sir-name, only that remains;
The Peoples Envy has devour'd the Reſt:
Who with inſulting Breath, and infamous Shouts,
Have Chas't me from their Citty; now this extremity
Has brought me to thy Court; not out of hope,
(Miſtake me not) to Save my Life; for if
I had fear'd Death; of all Men in the World,
I had avoided Thee: but in meer Rage,
To be Reveng'd of thoſe my Baniſhers:
For I will Fight againſt ingrateful *Rome*, with all the Spleen
Of the remorſleſs Fiends: This I avow,
Believe me if thou wilt; if not; know *Tullus*,
I am of Life moſt weary, and preſent
My Throat to thee, and to thy antient Malice;
Which not to Cut, wou'd ſhew thee but a Fool;
Since I have ever born thee, feelleſt Hatred,
Drawn Tuns of Blood from thy dear Countrys Breaſt;
And cannot Live, but to thy Shame, unleſs
It be to do Thee Service.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius!*
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, has weeded from my Heart,
A Root of antient Envy: Oh! If *Jupiter*,
From yon curl'd Clouds, ſhou'd Thunder forth this Story,
I'd not believe him more, than Noble *Martius*.
Let me embrace that Body, againſt which,
My pointed Lance a hundred times has ſplinter'd:
Thus do I claſp the Anvile of my Sword,
And here Conteſt as hotly with thy Love,
As e're I did in Battle with thy Valour.

Cor. Why this is ſomewhat.

Auf. Son of *Mars* I tell thee,
We have a Pow'r on foot, and I had purpoſe,
Once more to Hew thy Target to thy Glove,
Or loſe this Arm for't; Thou haſt beat me out

Twelve

Twelve ſeveral times, and I have might'ly ſince,
Dreamt of Encounters 'twixt my ſelf and thee;
We have been down together in my Sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, graſping each others Throats,
And walk'd half Dead with Nothing: Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no Quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou thence art Baniſh't, me wou'd Muſter All,
From Twelve to Seventy Years, and pouring War
Into the Bowels of thy ingrateful Citty,
Like a ſwoln Flood waſt All: Come, Enter with me,
And take our wondring Senators by th' Hands,
Aſſembled here to take their Leaves of me,
Who ſtand prepar'd againſt your *Teritories*;
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me *Gods*.

Auf. You here are Abſolute; if you will have
The Leading of your own Revenges; take
The half of my Commiſſion, and reſolve
Whether to beat againſt the Gates of *Rome*,
Or firſt Afflict 'em in remoter Parts:
But come, let me preſent you to our Nobles,
That will confirm my words: A thouſand Welcomes,
And more a Friend, than e're an Enemy:
Yet *Martius* that was Much. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* Here's a ſtrange Alteration!

2 *Serv.* By this Hand I thought to have Cudgell'd him, and yet my mind gave me, his Cloaths bely'd him.

1 *Serv.* What an Arm he has? Why, he turn'd me about between a Finger and a Thumb, as a Man wou'd ſet up a Top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his Face there was ſomething in him; he had Sir, a kind of Face methought—— I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had ſo; ſuch a looking, as it were—— that, that you call your——what 'de ye call't——well, wou'd I were Hang'd but I thought there was more in him than I cou'd Think: He is, ſimply, the rareſt Man i'th' World.

Enter a Third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O Lads! Slaves! Well, I wou'd not be a *Roman* of all Nations, I had as live be a condemned Man.

1 *Serv.* The Matter?

3 *Serv*

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to Thwack our General—*Caius Martius.*

2 *Serv.* How? Thwack our General.

3 *Serv.* No, I do not directly ſay Thwack him, but he was always enough for him.

1 *Serv.* Come, we are Fellows and Friends, he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

2 *Serv.* He was too hard for him, indefinitely, the laſt Engagement; he Scotcht and Notcht him like any *Carbanado.*

3 *Serv.* Why, he's ſo made on yonder within, as if he was Son and Heir to *Mars*; ſet at the upper end of the Table; no Queſtion askt him by any of our Senators, but they ſtand Bald before him: My Lord himſelf makes a very Miſtreſs of him. The ſhort of the Buſineſs is, Our General is cut i'th' Middle; but the one Half of what he was Yeſterday; for the other has half his Commiſſion by the Grant of the whole Table; which by the way, has ſomething ſowr'd our Maſter's Countenance: The upſhot of all is, that this ſtrange Gueſt has Sworn to ſtub the Gates of *Rome*, and Mow All down before him.

1 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't as any Man; for look you Sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies; which Friends Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we ſay) his Friends whilſt he was in Derectitude.

2 *Serv.* Derectitude, What's that?

1 *Serv.* Why? that is (d'ye conceive me Sir) Directitude; but when they ſhall ſee his Creſt up again, and the Man in Blood, they will out of their Burroughs like Conies after Rain.

2 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* Why to Morrow, to Day, this Minute, you ſhall hear the Drum ſtruck up this Afternoon; 'tis as it were, a part of their Feaſt, and to be Executed before they wipe their Lips.

2 *Serv.* Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring World agen.

3 *Serv.* Right; I hate this mouldy Peace; 'tis good for nothing but to ruſt Iron, and increaſe Taylors; 'tis a getter of more Baſtard Children, than War's a Deſtroyer of 'em.

2 *Serv.* Away, here comes our General with a Frown in his Forehead, and our Termegent Controller, *Nigridius* with him.

3 *Serv.* He is ever the Harbinger to Miſchief; his former Command was under *Caius Martius*, who entruſted him with the Cu-

ſtody of *Corioles*, which he fairly gives up to *Aufidius*; at a cloſe Revenge he never fails; yet he that Lives to ſee him Hang'd, may Dye before the Year's out: And there's Prophecy without Conjuring. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aufidius *and* Nigridius.

Nigr. What Circe Sir, has wrought you to this Change:
By Hell I rather ſhou'd have thought to have ſeen,
Serpents with Doves embrac't, than this Agreement;
Call but to Mind your Mornings Wiſer Thoughts:
Where is that fiery Reſolution vaniſht?
Have you, My Lord, forgot your Mornings Vow?
It ſeem'd the Voice of Fate.

Auf. Nigridius, No,
The Accents ſtill are freſh upon my Mind;
I Swore, and call'd the Elements to Witneſs,
If I, and *Caius Martius* met once more,
That teeming Hour, *Corioles* or *Rome*,
In him or me ſhou'd Periſh.

Nigr. Such a Sound,
And Utter'd, with ſo ſtern a Brow, ſhot Terror,
And to our View, Confeſt a flaming *Mars*;
But now (forgive me Sir) you ſeem reduc'd
To Leſs, than Man, the Shaddow of your ſelf:
What Witchcraft drew your Mind to this Alliance
With him, whoſe only *Genius* of the World,
Had Pow'r to Vie with yours?

Auf. He bears himſelf more Proudly,
Ev'n to my Perſon, than I thought he wou'd,
When late I did embrace him; but his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be Amended.

Nigr. Yet I wiſh
You had not took this joynt Commiſſion with him;
But either born the Action all your ſelf,
Or left it whole to him.

Auf. I underſtand Thee ——
But ſpare to Fret a Lyon in the Toil.

Nigr. The Palſy *Senate* lay their Fears aſide,
And reſt on his Protection as a *Gods*:
Your Souldiers uſe him as their Grace 'fore Meat;

Their

Their Talk at Table, and their Thanks when done:
What Eſtimation ſhall your Foes take for you,
When you are loſt, and darkn'd to your own:
Heark in what Notes the very Rabble greet him. [*Shout h.r.*
Auf. Death! Hell! This Infamy enflames my Breſt,
Makes Emulation higher boyl than ever;
I'll ſink *Corioles*, but I'll yet break with him;
And wreck the State, rather than want a Quarrel. [*Exeunt.*

Brutus *at one Door*, Menenius *at the other.*

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time—here comes *Menenius*;
O! He is grown of late moſt Courteous: Hail Sir,
Your *Coriolanus* is not much Miſt you ſee,
But with his Friends; the *Common-wealth* ſtands ſtill,
And ſo wou'd do, were he more Angry at it.
Men. Come, all is well, and might have been much better—
Bru Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear Nothing.
Bru. He was a worthy Officer i'th' War;
But Inſolent, Ambitious, and Affecting
A ſingle Sway.
Men. I think not ſo.
Enter Scicinius *haſtily, with the Rabble, crying,* Gods *Save our Noble* Tribunes, *&c.*
Bru. The Matter Brother: Whom bring you there?
Sic. This Slave, whom I am ſending to Correction,
Reports, The *Volſces*, with two ſeveral Pow'rs,
Are entred on the *Roman* Territories;
And waſt with Sword and Fire, what lies before.
This he Reports, ſet on by envious Parties,
To Fright the Peoples Quiet.
1 *Cit.* Ay, I'll be ſworn he has ſet me in terrible Twittering,
My Heart beats ſtill.
Men. 'Tis Fierce *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his Horns agen, that were ſhut in,
Whilſt *Martius* ſtood for *Rome*.
Bru. Go ſee the Villain Whipt.
Men. Firſt reaſon with him.
Sic. Let him be Laſht before the Peoples Eyes.
1 *Cit.* I, I, Whip him; ſuch another Fright upon me, wou'd

make my Wife Miſcarry.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Haſt, haſt my Lords, you are ſent for to the *Senate*,
A fearful Army led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſiſted by *Auſidius*, Spoyls our Territories,
Conſumes with Arms and Fire, what lies before 'em.

1 *Cit.* How! *Caius Martius* comming; All Dead Men, Dead! dead! dead!

Men. O you have made good work: What News my Lord?

Enter Senator.

Meſ. *Cominius*, on the Spur, is gone to meet,
And pacify the raging *Martius*.

Men. 'Twill be impoſſible.

Meſ. The *Senate* thinks ſo;
He Leads the *Volſces* like their God, a Being
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That forms Man better.

Men. You have made precious work;
You, and your Apron Men, that ſtood ſo much
Upon the Voice of Occupation, and
The Breath of Garlick eaters.

All Cit. Ay, we ſhall be Occupy'd with a Vengeance.

Men. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your Ears,
As *Hercules* did ſhake down Mellow Fruit.

Both Trib. But is this true Sir?

Sen. You'l diſſolve to Gelly,
Before you find it otherwiſe; the Citties
That were Ally'd to *Rome*, Revolt each Minute.

1 *Cit.* Undone, undone, we are all undone, unleſs the Noble Man have Mercy.

Sen. And who ſhall ask it?
The *Tribunes* cannot do't for ſhame, and you
Deſerve ſuch pitty of him, as the *Woolf*
Do's from the *Sheapherd*: for his Friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, be good to *Rome*, he'll cenſure 'em
As Enemies to him.

Men. True, were he putting to my Houſe, the Brand
That ſhou'd Conſume it; I cou'd not ſay Ceaſe.
Your Curs here from the Citty Hooted him:
But Oh! I fear you'll Roar him in agen.

Enter

Enter all the reſt of the Citizens *with a confus'd Cry, and Lamentation.*

Sen. Look, here comes the whole Kennel: You are they
That made the Air unwholſome, with
The caſting up your greaſy Caps, and Hooting
At *Coriolanus* Baniſhment: now he's comming
To pay you for your bellowing; 'tis no matter
If he cou'd Burn us All into one Coal;
We have deſerv'd it.

All. The *Gods* be gracious to Us, we hear fearful News.

1 *Cit.* For my own part, when I ſaid Baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay Truth, ſo did All of Us: Well, we did, that we did, for the Beſt; and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our Wills.

1 *Cit.* I, I, I ever ſaid we were in the Wrong.

All. I, and ſo did we All.

Enter Cominius.

2 *Cit.* Let me ſee what his Face ſays to us: Alack! alack, Dead, dead, dead! All dead Men.

Sen. Welcome my Lord, What Influence had your Interceſſion
With enrag'd *Coriolanus.*

Com. Nothing: He wou'd not ſeem to know me.

Men. Hear you that?

Com. Yet once he call'd me by my Name;
I urg'd our old Acquaintance, and the Drops
That we have Bled together, but in vain: *Coriolanus*
He wou'd not anſwer to; forbad all Names;
He was a kind of Nothing; Titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd him a Name o'th' Fire,
In burning *Rome.*

All Cit. Alack! alack! *&c.*

Com. I minded him how Royal 'twas to Pardon,
When it was leaſt Expected; he reply'd,
It was a forc't Submiſſion of a State,
To one they had abus'd, and ſtill wou'd do ſo.

Men. Very well.

Com. I try'd at laſt to Waken his Regard,
For his own private Friends; his anſwer was,
He cou'd not ſtay to cull 'em in a Pile

Of noyſome muſty Chaff.

1 *Cit.* How? Chaff? What, do's he make no more of us but Chaff? And will he burn his Mother and Wife, rather than not make Tinder of us? The *Gods* be gracious to us.

Bru. Now good *Menenius*, if you Love your Country,
Or Pitty Her Diſtreſs, become Her Pleader;
Your pow'rful Tongue may be of force to ſtop him,
More than the inſtant Army we can Raiſe.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray go to him.

Men. What ſhou'd I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your Love can work
For *Rome*, with *Martius*.

All Cit. Kneeling] Beſeech you moſt Noble *Menenius*.

Men. Well, I will under-take't, and think he'll hear me,
Though much diſcourag'd with *Cominius* Treatment;
Yet I will prove him with my ableſt Speed.

1 *Cit.* The *Gods* preſerve you Sir, Commend my hearty Affections to him; and if it ſtand with his good liking, we'll hang up our *Tribunes*, and ſend him them for a Token.

Com. He'll never hear him;
I tell you, he ſits Thron'd in Gold, his Eye
All Red, as 'twou'd Burn *Rome*; his Injury
The Jayler to his Pitty; I kneel'd to him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe; diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs Hand; what he reſolv'd,
He ſent in Writing after me, and that
Moſt Fatal. Therefore curſe your Crime, and Periſh.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Some comfort yet, that we have theſe Vipers to *Carbinado*; Come Neighbours, we'll ſee them ſmoak before us. Away, away with 'em. *Exeunt. Haling and Dragging off the* Tribunes.

Scene *Opening, ſhews* Coriolanus *ſeated in State, in a rich* Pavilion, *his Guards and Souldiers with lighted Torches, as ready to ſet Fire on* Rome; *Petitioners as from the* Citty *offer him Papers, which he ſcornfully throws by: At length* Menenius *comes forward, and ſpeaks to him:* Aufidius *with* Nigridius, *making Remarks on 'em.*

Men. Now may the *Gods* in hourly Councel ſit,

For

For thy Prosperity, and Love Thee,
As thy old Father *Menenius* do's:
O Son! my Son, What Fury sways thy Breast?
Thou art preparing Fire for us; look here,
Here's Water for the Flames:
Most hardly was I wrought to come to Thee;
But being assur'd none but my self cou'd move Thee;
I come, blown out from *Rome* with gales of Sighs.

Cor. Away.

Men. How?

Cor. No words Friend: Mother, Wife, or Child, I know not;
I'm not my own, but servanted to others;
Mine was the Injury, but the Remission
Lies not with me, but in the *Volsces* Breast;
And *Rome* must stand to them for their Account.
That we were Friends, forgetfulness must blot;
E're lawless Pitty move: Therefore be gone,
My Ears against your Pray'rs are stronger, than
Your Gates against my Arms: Yet 'cause I Lov'd Thee,
Take this with thee; I Writ it for thy Sake,
And meant t'have sent it: Another word, *Menenius*,
I must not hear Thee speak: This Man, *Aufidius*,
Was my best Lov'd in *Rome*; yet thou beholdst——

Auf. You bear a constant Temper.

Cor. His Love to me,
Was much beyond the Kindness of a Father;
And I return'd him more than filial Duty;
Their lateest Refuge was to send him to me.

Auf. You are two Rigorous.

Nigr. Fasten but that upon him, and you Gain
The Point we wish.

Cor. Now plant our Fires against the Gates of *Rome*:
Bid all *Trumpets* Sound;
They shall have Musick to their flaming Citty.

As they Advance with their Lights, Enter from the other side, Volumnia, Virgilia, *and Young* Martius, *with the rest of the* Roman *Ladies all in Mourning.*

Cor. Look there, my Mother, Wife, and little Darling,
Are come to Meet our Triumph on its way,
And be Spectators of our keen Revenge,

On

On this ingrateful Town.
Virg. My deareſt Lord!
Vol. My Firſt-born only Son,
Cor. Life of my Life, Fly to me? O a Kiſs,
Long as my Exile, Sweet as my Revenge;
And thou my *Turtle*, Neſt Thee in my Heart: (*To the Boy*)
Forgive me *Gods*, that any deareſt Tranſport,
Shou'd make my charm'd Senſe, unſaluted, leave
The Nobleſt Mother—ſink my Knee in Earth,
Of deepeſt Duty more Impreſſion ſhew,
Than that of common Sons.
Nigr. Obſerve you this?
Cor. What means this Silence? What, theſe ſable Weeds?
This Troop of Stars beſet with darkeſt Night:
O Mother, Wife! Two deeply you have took
My Baniſhment, and I muſt chide your Sorrow.
This Sadneſs for my Abſence, ſhew'd Diſpair
Of Injur'd *Martius* Virtue, call'd in Queſtion,
The Juſtice of the *Gods* for my Revenge;
Virgilia ſpeak, ſpeak Mother; at your Feet
Behold a kneeling Conqueror: Anſwer to me.
Vol. Riſe *Martius*, up, *Coriolanus* riſe;
Whilſt with no ſofter Cuſhion than theſe Flints;
I Kneel to thee, and with this new Submiſſion,
Shew Duty as miſtaken all this while,
Between the Son and Parent.
Cor. What's this? Your Knees to me?
Then let the Pibbles of the Hungry Beach,
Change Station with the Stars; the Mutinous Winds,
Snatch Mountain-Oaks, and hurl 'em at the Sun;
Let all Impoſſibilities have Being,
And Nature fall as Giddy with the Round.
Vol. My Fire-Ey'd Warrior, Do you know this Lady?
Cor. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*,
The Moon of *Rome*, Chaſt as the frozen Snow,
That hangs on *Diana*'s Temple.
Vol. And this divine Epitome of yours;
This little *Martius* whom full Time ſhall ripen
Into your perfect ſelf.
Cor. The *God* of Battles,

With

With the Conſent of fav'ring *Jove* inſpire
Thy Thoughts with Nobleneſs; that thou mayſt prove,
The Wars proud *Standard* fixt in Tides of Blood;
Like a tall Sea-mark o're the daſhing Waves,
And ſaving thoſe that view Thee.
Vol. Your Knee Sirrah,
Ev'n He, your Wife, theſe Ladies, and my Self,
Are humble Suitors—
Cor. Oh my boding Heart!
Vol. This Liv'ry was not for your Abſence worn;
So dear we knew your ſafety to the *Gods*:
But now put on as funeral Robes, and Mourning
For our expiring *Rome*. O ſpare thy Country,
And do not Murder Nature.
Cor. Witneſs for me
You conqu'ring Hoſt, and Thou my valiant Partner;
What Tenderneſs and Duty I have ſhewn
Theſe Ladies, whilſt they did converſe with me
As Wife and Mother: but ſince they exceed
The Bounds of Kindred, and encroach upon
Affairs of State, I as the *Volſces* General,
Support their Dignity, and take my Pomp; [*Aſcends his Throne.*
Yet Nature ſhall to any ſuit, unlock
Our yielding Ear, that do's not tend to Save
The *Roman* State, and Barring our Revenge;
In that particular, I ſhall forget
All enter-courſe of Blood;
Standing as Man were Author of himſelf,
And knew no other Kin.
Vol. No more, no more;
You have ſaid you will not grant us any thing,
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but that
Which you deny already— yet we'll ſpeak.
Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volſces*, mark, for we
Hear nought from *Rome* in private—your requeſt:
What ſeeks that lovely Tempter, whoſe Dove's Eyes
Cou'd make the *Gods* forſworn—but ſhake not me?
Virg. Think with your ſelf my once indulgent Lord,
How more unhappy than all living Women,
Are we come hither, ſince thy ſight, that ſhou'd

Make our Eyes flow with Joy, ſtrikes Terrour through us;
Forcing the Mother, Wife, and Child, to ſee
The Son, the Husband, and the Father, tearing
His Countries Bowels with unnatural Rage,
Whilſt frighted Deſtiny diſowns the Deed,
And Hell is ſtruck with Horrour.

Vol. Thou debarr'ſt us
Ev'n of our Prayr's to th' *Gods*, and to this Hour,
No Wretchedneſs was e're deny'd that help:
How ſhall we ask the Death of *Rome*, or thee,
Oppos'd in fatal War; and one muſt fall?
Moſt wretched *Martius*, thou bleed'ſt ev'ry way;
For know 'tis ſworn betwixt thy Wife and me,
In that curſt hour that Thou deſpoilſt our Citty,
Thou tread'ſt upon thy Mother's Earth.

Virg. And mine; and this ſweet ſmiling Flow'r.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me, I'll run away till I am bigger;
But then I'll Fight.

Cor. Not to be ſtruck with Woman's tenderneſs,
Requires, nor Child's, nor Woman's Face to ſee.
I have ſate too long. [*Deſcends.*]

Virg. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our Requeſt did tend
To Save the *Romans*, thereby to Deſtroy
The *Volſces*, whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As Poys'ners of your Honour: No, our ſuit
Is but to Reconcile 'em, that the *Volſces*
May ſay, This Mercy we have ſhewn the *Romans*;
This we receiv'd, whilſt either Party gives
The Praiſe to Thee, and bleſs thy Memory,
For making this dear Peace.

Vol. Thou know'ſt my Son,
Th' event of War's uncertain; but 'tis certain,
That if thou Conquer *Rome*, the Benefit
That thou ſhalt reap from thence, is ſuch a Name,
As always ſhall be mention'd with a Curſe:
Thy Chronicle writ thus; *The Man was Noble,*
But with his laſt performance ſtain'd his Glory,
And left his Rowl of Fame, but one foul Blot.
Pauſe, and reply to this.

Cor.

Cor. Why chills my Blood?
Like a dull Actor now have I forgot
My Part, and ſtop even to a full Diſgrace:
Away Affection; break ye Bonds of Nature;
In me 'tis virtuous to be obſtinate:
Bid our Drums ſtrike.

Vol. Speak Daughter; Boy, ſpeak thou;
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs may move him more,
Than all our Reaſons: Never was there Man,
So much to an indulgent Mother bound,
Yet all neglected. Here he ſees me begging;
Say my requeſt's unjuſt, and ſpurn me back:
But if it be not ſo—he turns away.
Down Ladies, let us ſhame him with our Knees;
He bears more ſervice for his Countrys Foes,
Than Pitty for our Prayers: Down, and finiſh;
This is our laſt; ſo will we back to *Rome*,
And dye i'th' common Slaughter—Nay, behold
This Boy, that cannot tell what he wou'd have;
Yet Kneels, and with up-lifted Hands,
Becomes a pleader for his Country too:
Remorſleſs ſtill—Then give us our Diſpatch;
We'll ſpeak no more, till *Rome* be all on Fire.
Then joyning Curſes with the Crowd, expire.

Cor. O Mother-Goddeſs, dread *Volumnia*, turn:
What have you done? Behold the Heav'ns divide,
And *Gods* look down on this amazing Scene!
O Mother Goddeſs, Heav'n-born Advocate;
A happy Victory you've gain'd for *Rome*,
Though dang'rous for your Son. But let it come
Aufidius, though we preſs not on the War,
We'll frame convenient Peace. Now tell me Warriours,
If you were in my ſtand, Wou'd you have heard
A Mother leſs, or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*

Auf. I was mov'd too.

Cor. I dare be ſworn you were:
What Peace you'l make, adviſe me; for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, but back with you. Lead on,
Sound all our Trumpets—Ladies you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: All *Romes* Legions,

With their Confed'rate Arms, cou'd ne're have ſtood
My ſworn Revenge, and turn'd this Tide of Blood.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT the Fifth.

SCENE *Rome.*

Enter Cominius, *and the Nobles leading* Volumnia, Virgilia, *and young* Martius, *with the reſt of the Ladies and Attendants, the* Citizens *ſhouting.*

Com. THis Honour Ladies, might make *Juno* proud, } *To* Vol.
To think whilſt you receive th' Applauſe of *Rome*, } *&* Virg.
Your *Martius* triumphs at *Corioles*:
Corioles, that once has had the Honour
To make *Rome* tremble.

Enter Valeria.

Val. *Servant Ladies, your Servant; your Ladiſhips are moſt happily return'd: What misfortune had I to be indiſpos'd at ſuch a ſeaſon: 'Twas the moſt uncivil Sickneſs! I ſwear I had rather ha' Dy'd at another time! O the Arguments that I cou'd have us'd upon this occaſion with my Lord* Coriolanus! *I cou'd have urg'd the moſt invincible Arguments: I wou'd have talk't Greek to him rather than fail; nay, I wou'd have taxt his Breeding in the buſineſs; flatly telling him, he was an uncivil Perſon to refuſe me; and had never ſeen* Athens.

Vol. Indeed our Conqueſt was moſt difficult.

Val. *Why Madam, don't I know him? He's the deareſt obſtinate Man! Which I confeſs in a Vulgar Perſon, were moſt inordinately, unſufferable; but in him it looks ſo Grand, Heroick, and Auguſt, that no Æra, Catalogue, Chronicle, Regiſter, or Annals of Time can ever—— Save me* Juno; *What, my little Souldier here too!*

[Runs to young *Martius.*

Vol. He was a ſilent Pleader in our Cauſe.

Val. *I warrant, he loves a Drum better than his Leſſon; his Father's own Son: I ſwear Madam, I lookt on him on* Wedneſday *laſt—— right, 'twas* Wedneſday *preciſely, (the ſame time that Madam* Pontia

Pontia *told the most egregious Story of a certain Senators Daughter, which we all swore Secresy to: pray Madam put me in mind to tell it presently) I say, I lookt at him a whole Hour together; he has such a fixt, confirm'd, severe, austere, Countenance, I warrant — I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly; and when he had catch't it, he let it go agen; then after it agen, and over and over he comes; and whether his Fall enrang'd him or no, or how 'twas, he did so set his Teeth, and tear it! O* Jupiter, *How he Mammockt it!*

Virg. One of his Father's Moods.

Val. *And I swear Madam, 'tis the greatest Comfort in nature to have 'em take after their Ancestors; for when they degenerate, they do as it were recede, decline, imminnish; which your Ladiship knows in effect amounts to a——My Lord* Cominius! *Your Lordships most humble Servant, I beg your Lordships Pardon most inordinately.*

Com. Madam your Ladiship makes——

Val. *I grant you my Lord, your Friendship with him went far in the Business; pretty Madam* Flavia *and I, were both of that Opinion.*

Com. Your Ladiship too highly——

Val. *I hold with you there too my Lord, she's the wittiest Creature when she's dispos'd to Talk; but she has too much of my Failing, always silent in Company, which gives occasion, most inordinately, to the censorious World; insomuch, that a modest Person must incontinently, and to the outmost—though your forward Ladies by reason of a particular——Oh* Jupiter! *What was I saying my Lord?*

Com. Ev'n what——

Val. *Your Lordship's right again; want of exercising my Tongue, oft-times confounds my Notion——* [Page Whispers her.

Page. Your rival Servants Madam, *Flavius* and *Proculus*, wait for your Ladyships return.

[*Enter a Messenger with Letters to* Virgilia.

Val. *Soft——six Senators, sayst thou, staying for me at my House! Some urgent Affair; better I swear be Ignorant of State-matters than suffer this eternal Trouble: This 'tis to Learn'd and Travell'd! I say 'tis the most insipid Thing not to be Learn'd and Travell'd! I wou'd not for the World but be disturb'd at all Hours upon Affairs: My Chair there; O* Jupiter, *no Attendance in this World—your Lordship will excuse me on consideration—and your Ladyships: Your Lordships most humble Servant; your Servant Ladies; your most humble Servant.*

Exit.

Verg. O my boding fear! [*Shewing the Letter.*

Amidst

Amidſt this general Joy begins our Sorrow;
This Mourning we put on for *Rome*, muſt now
Become the Dreſs of our own private ſorrow.
Com. What mean thoſe doleful Accents?
Virg. Falſe *Nigridius*,
(Disbanded for his Villany by *Martius*)
Is buſy for Revenge; and hourly plots
Againſt his precious Life: The induſtry
Of good *Menenius* ſends this information;
Whilſt *Martius*, confident in Innocence,
Is obſtinately blind to all his dangers;
Though in the Walls of an offended Citty,
Whoſe Streets yet mourn the Slaughter he has made.
Vol. The *Gods* provide us then more noble Work,
To give our Virtues, yet a brighter Ray:
Come my *Virgilia*; with our ableſt ſpeed,
We will betake us to *Corioles*.
Com. Conſider Madam, what th' event may be;
Your Aid uncertain, but your Danger ſure.
Virg. Needful Suſpition, neceſſary Caution,
He reckons only better terms for fear;
His Life is therefore any Villains Prize:
And he that dares not face a waking *Env'nuch*,
May kill a ſleeping *Gyant*.
Boy. Shall not I go too? My Father promis'd to teach me to Fight: I wou'd fain learn; and if any body hurts him, I'll kill their Boys now; and them, when I am bigger.
Vol. Hear'ſt thou *Virgilia*? All thy *Martius* Fire
Lies ſhrouded in this little Frame, and ſhall
With Time, break forth into as full a Blaze:
O we delay our Enterprize too long,
And ſeem ingrateful to the indulgent Pow'rs,
That have decreed our Names, the immortal Glory,
To Save *Rome* firſt, and then *Coriolanus*.
Com. The *Gods*, whoſe Temples you preſerv'd, protect you.
Exeunt.

Enter Aufidius, *and* Nigridius.

Nigr. Compoſe this Fury, and recall your Reaſon.
Auf. Preach Patience to the Winds, bid Tempeſts Sleep.
The golden Opportunity is loſt,

And

And I cou'd curſe my ſelf as heartily
As ever I did *Martius*: O *Nigridius*,
I am a lazy Trifler, and unworthy
To be poſſeſt o'th' Beauty that I Love,
Or be reveng'd upon the Man I hate:
Why forc't I not my paſſage to his Heart?
Then pamper'd in the Banquet of his Blood,
Flown hot, as flame born *Pluto*, to the Rape;
And quench't the Fevour in *Virgilia*'s Arms.

Nigr. Give o're this Frenzy.

Auf. Now each Minute wrecks me,
With the Remembrance of my former Pangs,
Which War had almoſt huſh't, and Blood waſh't out
Her Dove-like Sorrow, when ſhe begg'd for *Rome*,
(With Eyes Tear-charg'd, yet ſparkling through the Dew,
Whilſt charming Pitty dimpled each ſoft Cheek)
Call'd back the Scene of my expecting Youth
When with vain promiſes of Joys to come,
I wak'd the Night, and watch't the Stars away;
So was I wrapt anew i'th dazling Dream;
Believ'd her yet unwed; believ'd my ſelf
The happy Youth deſign'd to Reap her Sweets;
To Lock the tender Beauty in my Arms;
Bluſhing, yet Granting; Trembling, and yet Embracing.
I ſhall go Mad with the Imagination.

Nigr. Wake, wake my Lord from this fantaſtick Maze,
Return her Scorn upon your Rival's head,
And make at leaſt a Miſtreſs of Revenge:
Ev'n now he makes his Entrance at our Gates;
Preſuming with a ſmooth and ſpecious Tale,
To Acquit himſelf before the credulous People.

Enter an Officer *of* Aufidious *Party.*

Off. Our Lords o'th' Citty, Noble *Tullus*,
Are met in Councel at your Pallace, where
They crave your Preſence, having Summon'd thither
Your Partner *Caius Martius*, to give in
Th' Account of his Proceedings in this War;
And t' Anſwer at his Peril all Miſcarriage.

Auf. Go, tell 'em I'll attend 'em inſtantly;
Deliver 'em this Paper, the Contents

Of

Of what I have to Charge on *Martius*,
And ſhall make good to his Face. [*Ex. Officer.*

Nigr. Now Sir, How fares it with you?

Auf. As with a Man by his own Alms empoyſon'd.

Nigr. You hold your laſt Reſolve.

Auf. I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed in't, as we find the People.

Nigr. The People will remain uncertain, whilſt
You ſtand Competitors; but eithers fall,
Leaves th' other Heir to All.

Auf. I rais'd him, pawn'd my Honour for his Truth,
Whilſt the ſly Flatterer ſeduc'd my Friends,
Softning his Nature, never known before:
So baſe a Grain of *Cynick* obſtinacy:
Baniſh't from *Rome*, I furniſh't him with Pow'r;
Made him joynt Partner with me, gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, took ſome Pride
To do my ſelf this wrong, till at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his Follower, not his Patron.

Nigr. True,
Our Army wonder'd at it, and at laſt,
When he had carry'd *Rome*, and that we look't
For no leſs Spoil, than Glory——

Auf. O there's it!
For which my Sinews ſhall be ſtretch't upon him.

Nigr. Your Native-Town you enter'd like a Pilgrim,
And had no welcome Home; whilſt he return'd,
Tortring the Air with Noiſe; and patient Fools,
Whoſe Children he had Slaughter'd; tore their Throats,
With ſhouting his Applauſe.

Auf. Wreck me no more,
His Tryumphs ſleep this Day; then ſhalt thou ſee,
Thy *Tullus* Glories bloom a ſecond Spring:
I ſhall be yet the Wonder of the Crowd,
When this Controller of my Fate is gone:
'Tis Odds our *Senate* doom him; but if not,
I'll have my Party planted near——thy News.

Enter the Officer.

Off. My Lord, the Councel have perus'd your Paper,
And ſummon your Appearance inſtantly.
What will ſurprize you more: I met ev'n now

Volumnia

Volumnia with *Virgilia*, and young *Martius*,
Juſt enter'd our *Corioles*,
And haſtily enquiring for your Palace;
Menenius at that inſtant paſſing by.
Auf. Thou tell'ſt me Wonders, but I know thy Truth.
Nigridius, help me now to play this Game,
And draw at once our Net o're the whole Covey:
They have not yet ſeen *Martius*.
Off. No,——*Menenius* off'ring to Conduct 'em to him,
They grew divided in their Reſolutions;
Virgilia held it beſt to ſeek out you,
Preſuming on her former Pow'r with you;
But what they did determine on——
Auf. No more.
Nigridius, take our Guard along with you,
Whilſt I attend the Councel; Seize 'em All,
Before they can attain to ſpeak with *Martius*;
Diſpoſe 'em privately within our Palace;
Virgilia by her ſelf; you know my drift:
For ſoon as I've ſecur'd my Rivals Life,
All ſtain'd i'th' Husbands Blood, I'll Force the Wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Palace.*

The Lords *of* Corioles, *as ſet in Councel.*

1 *Lord.* Let Juſtice, Lords, reward his Services,
Far as his Conduct ſhall be worthy found:
'Tis not unknown what Deeds he has perform'd,
Since firſt he had the Leading of our Pow'rs;
Moleſting hourly *Romes* confed'rate Citties;
Reſtoring our loſt Fields made rich with Blood;
Our burden'd Souldiers groan'd beneath the Spoil:
Yet — there to make a Hault in's Action,
Where moſt his Reſolution was requir'd;
To flinch our Service at the Gates of *Rome*,
And make a Treaty where he ſhou'd have Storm'd;
Admits of no excuſe, and I propoſe it
To your impartial Cenſures — See he comes.

Enter Coriolanus; Aufidius *on the other ſide.*

Cor. Hail Lords, I am return'd your Souldier;
No more infected with my Countries Love,
Than when I parted hence: be pleas'd to know,

That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage Led your War,
Ev'n to the Gates of *Rome*; our Spoils brought home,
Ten times o're pay the Charges of the Action:
The Peace which with the *Romans* we have made,
Brings no less honour to *Corioles*,
Than shame to *Rome*. Behold their *Consul*'s Hand,
With the *Patricians*, and the Seal o'th' *Senate*
To Composition, such as ne're was gain'd
By proudest Conquerour from the pettyest State:
Peruse it, and approve my Services.

Auf. Ha! that again: Lords, heard you what he said?

Cor. I say, I'll have my Services approv'd.

Auf. Wrong not so much your Patience Lords, to Read
That fabulous Commentary, but forthwith
Give Sentence on his most apparent——

Cor. Ha!

May I believe my Sense? Down swelling Heart,
Thou wert my Partner, *Tullus*; but take heed,
No more I say, and thank me for this warning.

Auf. O Vanity!

Cor. I say let me be Calm.

Auf. Out Blast—Read not the Paper, Lords,
But tell the Traytor—

Cor. Traytor!

Auf. That, *Martius*.

Cor. Martius?

Auf. I, *Martius*, *Caius Martius*, Dost thou think,
I'll grace thee with thy Robbery, thy stoln Name—
Coriolanus in *Corioles*.
Most awful Lords o'th' State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your Business, and giv'n up,
(For certain drops of Dew) your Citty *Rome*;
I say your Citty to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath of Service; call'd no Councel
Of War on This; but at his Nurses Tears,
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory:
For a few Tears, sold all our Blood and Labour,
Whilst Pages blush't at him, and Men of heart,
Look't wond'ring at each other.

Cor.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou *Mars*!
Auf. Name not the fiery *God*, thou Boy of Tears.
Cor. *Scorpions* and *Baſilisks*!
All Lords. Silence on your Lives.
Cor. Meaſureleſs Lyar, thou haſt made my Heart,
Too big for what contains it: Boy? Oh Slave!
Carrion-breed, creeping Inſect: Lords your Pardon;
'Tis the firſt time I e're was forc't to Brawl,
But your grave Judgment will conſent with me,
To give this Fiend the Lye: Nay, his own Brawn,
That wears my Stripes, his Vaſſal Body, that
Muſt bear my Beatings with it to the Grave—
Cut me to pieces *Volſces*, Pound, Calcine me,
And throw my Duſt to the Wind; yet when yo've done;
If you have Writ your Annals true, 'tis there,
There Regiſtred to all Poſterity,
That, as an Eagle in a Dove-coat, ſo
Was *Martius* Slaught'ring in *Corioles*.
Auf. Dye Inſolent.
Stamps with his Foot, the Conſpirators Enter, and help him to Wound Martius, *who kills ſome, and hurts* Aufidius. *The* Lords *riſe, and come forward.*
1 *Lord.* Guards, Guards, ſecure 'em both.
Tread not upon him; off:
O *Tullus*, thou haſt done a deed, at which,
Valour will Weep.
Auf. Pray give me hearing,
[*A confus'd Noiſe heard from abroad.*
2 *Lord.* Heark what Confuſion ſtorms without.
Enter Nigridius *haſtily.*
Nigr. Haſt, haſt my Lords, diſperſe to every Quarter,
Our City's up in Arms, *Aufidius* Legions
Oppos'd by thoſe were led by *Caius Martius*.
Prepare for dreadful Battle in our Streets,
Unleſs your ſpeedy preſence quell their Fury.
1 *Lord.* Diſperſe my Lords, each to a ſeveral Quarter,
With your beſt skill, to quench theſe threatning Flames.
[*Exeunt Lords ſeverally.*
Nigr. Curſt chance! Why bought you your Revenge ſo dear?
Auf. There's Blood upon thee.

Nigr. Blood long Thirſted for. [*The Noiſe continues.*

Cor. 'Tis juſt you *Gods*, to give my Death this Pomp;
'Tis fit, that when *Coriolanus* Dies,
Corioles ſhall fall their Sacrifice;
Ev'n thou my Bond-ſlave follow'ſt in the Tryumph;
Haſt then, and wait me to the nether World.

Auf. No, I have yet a pleaſant Scene to Act;
My Bliſs; but Fiend, thy Hell; bring in *Virgilia.*

Cor. Virgilia?

Auf. Yes, ſhe's here, here in the Palace;
Out of her *Roman* Virtue come to ſeek you,
And ſpy thoſe dangers out, which you were blind to;
Thou'lt not believe thy Foe, but hearк, ſhe comes;
I charge thee Dye not yet, till thou haſt ſeen
Our Scene of Pleaſures; to thy Face I'll Force her;
Glut my laſt Minuits with a double Ryot;
And in Revenges Sweets and Loves, Expire.

Virgilia *brought in Wounded.*

In Blood? *Nigridius* look! Behold a ſight,
Wou'd turn the *Gorgon*-Snakes—my Rage is gone,
And I am touch't with Sorrow—my faint Nerves
Refuſe my Weight, and haſty Death invades
At ev'ry Pore——Oh Dark! dark! O, O. [*Dies.*

Virg. Betray me not thou ſluggiſh Blood, ſtream faſter,
I, now the ſtubborn Heart reſigns, and takes
The proud Deſtroyer to her inmoſt Courts.

Cor. O Heav'n!

Virg. 'Tis near, for that was *Martius* Voice;
My Eyes are dim; but that dear Sound agen;
O where, my dear Lord? Speak!

Cor. If I do wake,
And that bright diſmal Object be *Virgilia*,
Tell me what Sacrilegious Hand has ſtain'd,
The whiteſt Innocence that Heav'n e're form'd:
What Rage cou'd hurt a Gentleneſs like thine,
Whoſe tender Soul cou'd weep
O're dying Roſes, and at Bloſſoms fall?
Tell me thou Turtle, ruffled in a Storm;
What chance ſeduc'd thee to theſe Caves of Slaughter?
What means that purple Dew upon thy Breaſt?

Virg.

Virg. My Noble *Martius*, 'tis a *Roman* Wound,
Giv'n by *Virgilia*'s Hand, that rather choſe
To ſink this Veſſel in a Sea of Blood,
Than ſuffer its chaſt Treaſure, to become
Th' unhallowed *Pyrates* Prize: but Oh the *Gods*,
The indulgent *Gods* have lodg'd it in thy Boſome!
The Port, and Harbour of eternal Calms:
O Seal with thy dear Hand theſe dying Eyes;
To theſe cold Cheeks lay thine; and to thy Breaſt
Take my unſpotted Soul, in this laſt Sigh. [*Dyes.*

Cor. Make way ye Stars, a nobler Brightneſs comes:
Ariadne ſhall to thee reſign her Crown;
Yet my *Virgilia* mount not to thy Merit,
But grace the Orb thy *Martius* ſhall attain:
My Grief talks Idlely—Cold my Love? She's gone;
And on her Cheeks a ſcatter'd Purple ſmiles,
Like ſtreaks of Sun-ſhine from a ſetting Day:
But Oh my Heart! My Fears expire not here!
Volumnia, and my little darling *Boy*;
Where are they? Some kind *God* deſcend t' inform me.

Nigr. Trouble not Heav'n for your Intelligence.

Cor. Nigridius here? Then Heav'n indeed is diſtant!

Nigr. With ſilent Tranſport, *Martius*, I have ſtood
To ſee thy Pangs; to have haſten'd on thy Death,
Had been too poor Revenge; remember *Martius*,
The Stripes, and foul diſgrace thou laid'ſt upon me,
When once I bear Commiſſion under thee:
Thou mad'ſt me paſs the Fork before my Souldiers,
Diſcarded, Branded, Hooted from the Camp.

Cor. I do remember thy unequall'd Villany:
Had exemplary Puniſhment.

Nigr. That day
Thou drew'ſt this Blood from thy own Vitals, *Martius*:
'Tis thy young Boys, whom I this Hour have Mangled,
Gaſh't, Rack't, Diſtorted.

Cor. O this Tale of Horrour,
Wou'd rouſe the ſleeping Father from his Grave!
Yet Strength forſakes me for the dear Revenge.
Well, *Cerberus*, How then didſt thou diſpoſe him?
Didſt eat him?

Nigr.

Nigr. Having kill'd your old *Menenius*,
Off'ring his feeble Vengeance, ſtreight I threw
The Tortur'd Brat, with Limbs all broke (yet living
In quickeſt Senſe of Pain) I ſay, I threw him
Into *Volumnia*'s Arms, who ſtill retain'd
Her *Roman* Temper; till with bitter Language,
And moſt inſulting, added to her Suff'rings;
I rous'd her ſilent Grief, to loud Diſorder;
Then left her to the Tempeſt of her Fury,
To Act my Part, and be her own Tormenter.
Cor. Convultions! Feavers! bleweſt Peſtilence!
Sleep on *Virgilia*, Wake not to a Story,
Whoſe Horrour wou'd exceed the Force of Death,
And turn thee into Stone.
Enter Volumnia *Diſtracted, with young* Martius *under her Arm.*
Vol. Soft, ſoft; ſteal but the Watch-word whilſt they Sleep,
And we paſs Free.
Cor. Furies! The Fiend ſpoke Truth.
O my poor Boy! Moſt wretched Mother, Oh!
Vol. Strike, ſtrike your Torches, bid the Stars deſcend!
We wander in the Dark.
Hcark! *Boreas* muſters up his roaring Crew;
My Wings, and I'll among 'em; wreath my Head
With flaming *Meteors*; load my Arm with Thunder;
Which as I nimbly cut my cloudy Way,
I'll hurl on the ingrateful Earth, and laugh
To hear the Mortals Yelling.
Nigr. Mark you this?
Vol. I, there's th' *Heſperian* Dragon, I muſt paſs him,
Before I reach the golden Bough; there *Cerberus*,
'Gorge thy curſt Maw with that, and ceaſe thy Barking;
'Tis a delicious Morſel.
Cor. Earth and Heav'n!
Is this *Volumnia? Martius* awful Mother,
And *Romes* Minerva.
Boy. Dear Sir ſpeak to my Grand-Mother,
Perhaps ſhe'll anſwer you.
Vol. Ha! What a merry World is this *Elizium*!
See how the youthful Sheepherds trip to the Pipe,
And fat *Silenus* waddles in the Round.

Beware

Beware thy Horns, *Pan*, *Cupid's* with their Bow-ſtrings
Have ty'd 'em faſt to th' Tree! Ah, ha! ha! ha!
What's that?——a Summons to me from the *Gods?*
Back *Mercury*, and tell 'em I'll appear.
All Heav'n ſhall know how much I have been wrong'd:
They tore my little *Martius* from my Arms;
Broke all his innocent Limbs before my Face.
Indeed I never did deſerve this uſage;
For I was always Kind and Charitable;
For Virtue fam'd; and as I do remember,
'Twas I ſav'd *Rome*, preſerv'd ten thouſand Infants,
From being Maſſacred like my poor Boy!
How? *Juno* dead! The Thunderer then is mine,
And I'll have more than *Juno's* priviledge:
See how the *Æther* ſmoaks, the *Chriſtaline*
Falls clatt'ring down! This giddy *Phaeton*
Will ſet the World on Fire! Down with him *Jove:*
Wilt thou not Bolt him?—Then I'll Act thy Part,
Force from thy ſlothful Hand the flaming Dart;
And thus I ſtrike my Thunder through his Heart.

Snatches a Partizan *from the foremoſt of the Guards, and ſtrikes* Nigridius *through, as ſhe runs off.*

Cor. There ſtruck the *Gods.*

Boy. Look where my Mother ſleeps, pray wake her Sir;
I have heard my Nurſe ſpeak of a dying Child,
And fancy it is now juſt ſo with me;
I fain wou'd hear my Mother bleſs me firſt.

Cor. My pretty Innocence, ſhe do's not ſleep.

Boy. Perhaps then I have done ſome Fault, makes her
Not ſpeak to me.

Cor. O *Gods!* may this be born!

Boy. I fain wou'd claſp you too; but when I try
To lift my Arms up to your Neck,
There's ſomething holds 'em.

Cor. Thy Torturers my Boy have crippled 'em,
And gaſh't thy pretty Cheeks.

Boy. I know you Lov'd 'em;
But truly 'twas no fault of mine; they did it
Becauſe I wou'd not cry; and I have heard
My Grand-Mother ſay, a *Roman* General's Son
Shou'd never cry.

Cor.

Cor. O Nature! A true Breed!

Boy. 'Tis grown all Dark o'th' ſudden, and we ſink
I know not whether; good Sir hold me faſt. [*Dies.*

Cor. Faſt as the Arms of Death: Now come my Pangs,
The chilling Damp prevails upon my Heart.
Thus, as th' Inhabitant of ſome ſack't Town,
The Flames grown near, and Foe hard preſſing on,
In haſt lays hold on his moſt precious Store:
Then to ſome peaceful Country takes his Flight:
So, graſping in each Arm my Treaſure, I
Pleas'd with the Prize, to Deaths calm Region Fly. [*Dies.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Valeria.*

WHat? No Attendance in this World? ——make way:
Where are our noiſy Bullying Critticks? They
That heard no Scene, and Yet damn all the Play?
Run down by Maſques; to their old Shift they flee,
And Rail at us, for want of Repertee!
Well Gentlemen, how e're you doom to Night,
Methinks this Company's a bleſſed Sight,
And ſhews the Realm's diſorder coming Right.
As we Thrive, with the Publick it do's paſs:
The Play-Houſe *is the Nation's Weather-Glaſs;*
where like to th' Quick-Silver the Audience, ſtill
As the State *goes, is found to Ebb or Fill.*
Shall I Inform you one thing Gallants? We
In our Vocation with the Saints agree:
For as their Holders-forth, their Flock enchant,
So we our Audience charm with Noiſe and Rant:
'Tis thus we Pleaſe; and I dare take my Oath,
That Decency and Sence, wou'd Break us Both.